Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Greater Prosperity through Foreign Trade

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NO ISSUE is of more vital importance to the welfare of American industrial enterprise and labor than the stimulation of our commerce abroad. It is a recognized fact that extensive trade overseas tends to stabilize industry by insuring to manufacturers and producers a larger sphere of activity. Our foreign trade annually becomes more impressive as a balance wheel to our domestic enterprise.

It is in the interest alike of the workman and of his employer that there should be steady sale abroad of our industrial products. The foreign business of many corporations is an important item, and a factor which contributes to a fuller operating of their plants.

A great commercial nation must have a wide horizon and a liberal conception of the elements that enter into foreign trade. The prosperity of our farms, our mines and our factories will be found to be inseparable from the productiveness of other nations, whether they be in Asia, Africa, Australia, South America or Europe. Increased industrial and commercial activity among any people means in the end an increase of their purchasing power, and the possibility of a larger market among them for our own products.

THE five or six great industrial nations of the world which are our chief competitors in the so-called neutral markets are also steadily the heaviest purchasers from us, and they buy both manufactured and crude products. It is not merely raw material that we sell them.

Fifteen years ago a small group of American manufacturers were regularly devoting part of their production to foreign trade. Most of our manufacturers, if they exported at all, were simply dumping an occasional surplus wherever they could sell it and for whatever they might

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get. Today many thousands of them are cultivating foreign markets as earnestly as they seek to expand their sales at home. They have learned the fundamental economic truths that one sale has precisely the same effect as another upon the distribution of output; that it is the sale which counts, not the locality where it is made; that substantially all the output must be sold if the whole enterprise is to show any profit; that the prosperity of the foreign distributor is the chief factor in continuing and expanding sales, and that "dumping" is the very antithesis of sound and growing business. The doctrine of *caveat emptor* has disappeared from standard American foreign trade practice.

FIFTEEN years ago American trade practice was a standing jest among our foreign competitors. Today it is their despair. Then it was true that we neither knew nor cared about foreign trade, except among the small group of export merchants who have always been distinguished by their trading skill. But through the efforts of the National Foreign Trade Council, and other organizations, there have been stimulated a spread of interest and an intensity of study which have produced gratifying results. Americans have found that successful merchandizing is both a science and an art, and in every State producers and traders are striving to learn both. That is the secret of the advance that American trade with the rest of the world has made in the last decade. But it is a secret still hidden from some of our foreign competitors who send their commissions and investigating committees to this country to seek the reason for our trade growth, only to devote themselves almost exclusively to our methods of production alone. True, excellence in production is always of first class importance, but of what avail will it be without corresponding excellence in merchandizing?

It is along such lines of investigation as indicated that a large part of the secret of our advance in foreign trade will be found. Hard work has been done on every phase of the problem, and, as usual, it has produced results. Hard work, I have found, is in fact the best general aid when difficulties are encountered. That certainly helps to explain why, in the last fifteen years, our commerce with other nations has more than doubled, despite the interruption of the war. That helps to make clear why our exports for 1929 were about five billion dollars, and why our imports of materials for industry in the last quarter were 25 per cent greater than in the same period of 1928.

IF IT is not the major factor, it at least has a strong bearing upon the growth of our trade with Latin America. Today we are the chief supplier of each of the twenty-one American republics south of the Rio Grande. That surely explains in part why we are selling more of our products in South America than Great Britain, France and Germany combined. And it helps to an understanding of our feeling that the developments of the past carry with them an important promise for the future.

For more than a hundred years prior to 1914 the United States had

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been devoting its energy and its effort to development of its own resources and markets. The home market filled the eye and the brain of the country, and public policy was formed upon that consideration. But by the early part of the Twentieth Century the United States had reached the stage of industrial development that necessitated a change in the direction of thought of its people and in the activities of its enterprise. The time had come, of which Alexander Hamilton had dreamed, when the producers of the nation proved their capacity by turning out more than the normal consumption which our people required. It was the time when, under a policy of wisdom and prudence, we must turn again to the sea and expand our trade with other lands and other peoples.

THIS was a subject and a situation that needed to be brought home to the American people. There were several organizations which were interested, among them the Asiatic Association, the Pan-American Society and the American Manufacturers' Export Association. These and some others joined in calling a National Foreign Trade Convention, which was held in Washington in May, 1914. More than four hundred leaders of different factors of production, from all over the country, attended. As a result of the discussions it was determined to form a permanent organization to carry on the nation-wide work of foreign trade promotion, including the holding of an annual national convention devoted wholly to consideration of foreign trade matters.

Thus the National Foreign Trade Council came into being. North, South, East and West are represented in its membership, and every factor of international trade, agriculture, commerce, finance, industry and transportation, both land and water. Its members are leaders of business and enterprise not only in their localities but throughout the nation. They have joined in rendering a disinterested national public service, with no return to themselves except such as may indirectly come from any benefit accruing to the general enterprise of the country, in which they would have the same share as any other citizen. They maintain a staff which studies the economics of international trade, and watches the situation of commerce throughout the world. Once a year the leaders gather for discussion of world conditions at the annual meeting of the Council, and once a year they assemble with two to three thousand other foreign traders, in all lines of activity, for public discussion at the annual national convention.

SHIPPING, education and foreign trade all have found effective voices through the National Foreign Trade Council. Through all the turbulent years of war and reconstruction which followed immediately upon its organization the Council has maintained that the best interests of the nation demand the development of a merchant marine under private ownership and operation. Similarly it has encouraged and promoted in every way the educational training of young men for foreign service. And in many ways it has contributed to the extension of foreign trade understanding among

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the people, and the improvement of merchandizing practice among our producers and traders.

From the very first the Council has striven to arouse the interest of smaller manufacturers and producers in overseas trade, and to improve their facilities for engaging in it and carrying it on. The development of wise, prudent national policy regarding international commerce is the chief object of the Council.

WHEN it was formed, in 1914, there was very little if any American literature of foreign trade. Council publications on shipping, trade opportunities and similar subjects formed practically the first American work of general application. Now there are probably three thousand titles in a complete bibliography of American foreign trade literature, with a wide range of volumes, of the highest authority on every phase of that fascinating and complicated business. On a vast scale public education in the simple economics of trade has been carried on, with the result that today millions of Americans in every part of the country understand the relationship of a sustained international commerce to the maintenance of their own daily welfare where, before, few comprehended its possibilities.

Throughout these fifteen years the Council members have maintained unflagging interest in this tremendously important work. Chief among the agencies employed by the Council has been the annual national convention, which many members of the Council always attend and to which they give the practical benefit of their personal direction. The proceedings of these conventions constitute in themselves a library of authoritative information upon conditions and practice all around the globe.

There has been, of course, very wide coöperation. It is by no means meant to imply that it is all due to the National Foreign Trade Council. Scores of other organizations, large and small, scattered all over the United States, have had their share.

Merchant shipping and the educational training of young men for foreign service are only two phases of foreign trade promotion. There are numerous others, such as international finance, foreign loans, foreign investment, credits, advertising, packing, documentation and the whole range of technique.

AMERICA'S future is on the sea and it hears the call of genius and initiative. Aided by wise legislation — not such as to provoke reprisals, but rather such as to render the enterprise competitive — our ships again will be seen in ports that have forgotten them.

The production of ocean transportation, especially in foreign trade, can not escape the operation of the fundamental law that production is always a question of profit. Private enterprise will not invest its money in the shipping business unless there is reasonable assurance that it will be permitted to operate at a reasonable profit.

In its initial stages the problem is one of international coöperation and stability of rates, rather than of international competition. Recognizing our higher costs of operation, if

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in other respects we are able to meet the competition of the world upon equal terms — especially with types of ships comparable with those of our competitors and with experience in long voyage trades — the relatively high wages of American officers, engineers and seamen sufficient in numbers to operate economically and with safety, will not prove a serious handicap.

Nothing is more certain than that the building of ships, and the employment of ships in ocean navigation, must be definitely reinstated among our great industries if this Republic is to hold the place it has won for itself in the world.

THE greatest subsidy our ships could have would be the support of the American people. The greatest handicap under which they labor is the lack of such support. Americans should always have a partiality for the use of their own vessels upon terms of equal consideration. Other nations have developed this spirit of coöperation in a high degree and much of their success is attributable thereto.

The future of the American merchant marine must depend upon the attractiveness which it offers to the employment of private capital and the application of private enterprise. The steamship business is one requiring special and exceptional aptitudes. The men engaged in it have to match wits against the keenest in the world; have to be prompt in decision, resourceful, expedient and expert in the calculation of probabilities.

These are qualities not usually forthcoming when a government assumes the functions of private enterprise. They represent, in fact, aptitudes which government service seems to deaden, for the simple reason that they are foreign to the demands of official routine, and contrary to the dictates of departmental usage.

Those who are interested in the development of foreign trade are performing a great work in the advancement of peace and civilization. The good-will established through better acquaintance with foreign customs and satisfactory methods of dealing must not only prove of benefit to the individuals and firms interested, but redound also to the prestige of our country. The welfare of our foreign trade should be a matter of concern to every citizen whether or not he be engaged in exporting or importing.

THE distinction between domestic and foreign trade is rapidly disappearing. No enterprise large enough to be called national can stop short at the boundaries of the Republic.

The commerce which will stand the test of time must rest upon a fair exchange of values. Acting upon that principle, our rightful share of the world's trade will be that to which our material resources, developed by our enterprise and skill, entitle us.

If we need American ships and American banks for our foreign trade, our need for an army of trained salesmen and employees is more acute. Following academic education it is, of course, necessary to have practical training. If a man doesn't know his product he is lost, even if he can write as many volumes as Sir Walter Scott. The first necessity for a young man engaged in foreign

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trade is a knowledge of the particular business in which he is employed. Nothing can take the place of this, for mistakes can be made in every language and in every land.

THE development of communication and transportation in the last few decades has given birth to a new world. The isolation of peoples is ended, and the isolation of individuals is rapidly becoming less possible.

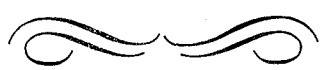
There is room enough for all, because in countries still bare of the appliances of modern civilization the process of equipment is cumulative. New facilities of transportation, production or public convenience not only create a demand for more, but help to create the wealth needed to pay for them.

The creation of conditions, hitherto nonexistent, of equal opportunity for international commerce and industrial enterprise, should so quicken the world's demand for manufactured products as to insure a long period of industrial prosperity. With the small nations relieved from fear of their more powerful neighbors, and with every country free to follow its natural development along the line of least resistance, there will be such an increase of the world's wealth as will go far to compensate for the appalling destruction of the war.

The American people realize that the poverty of Europe or of any other part of the world, can not contribute to our welfare, and that the misfortune of our commercial and industrial rivals can not promote the prosperity of our foreign trade.

Reasonable prices tend to extend commerce, maintain production, lessen costs and increase consumption at home and abroad. National trade is the basis of national livelihood. We are reaching the stage of expanded interest and participation which tends to diminish the risk of the whole because of its widened distribution.

WE HAVE seized unfairly the commerce of no people. We have taken no mean advantage of the extremity of others. Our entrance into new fields of business enterprise abroad has been of signal benefit not only to ourselves, but also to the countries where our investments have been made and with which our commerce is carried on.



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An Actress Appeals to Her Audience

By Jane Cowl

When an actor contracts to appear upon the stage, he contracts not only to be a paid employee of the producer who engages him, but to become a servant of the public as well. Of what does this service consist?

First, to absorb his rôle, and if he is a laborer worthy of his hire, to put his finest judgment, feeling, creative and interpretive faculties to work, inducing an atmosphere, purely psychological, by means of which he can relate with look and gesture, as well as word, the story of which his rôle is an indispensable part. He contracts to do this for eight performances a week, ill or well, troubled or untroubled in his private life, no matter what circumstances surround him outside the theatre.

If he is a true devotee of his art, he contracts to do this, not only in fulfillment of the obligation which binds him to his manager, and not only for the increment which he receives, but for a third almost indefinable but far more potent reason — a subtle, impalpable, wholly unwritten contract between himself and his audience. Of that contract, the public is curiously unaware. It is, however, the most cogent and binding of the idealistic actor's obligations. It is this insubstantial bond which gives the actor whatever inspiration he may have, causes him to play well or badly according to the amount of reciprocal interest which has been established, and gives him the spiritual returns upon his investment of creative labor. These returns are far more important than money, far more satisfying than the acclaim of critics. In a word, they are the be-all and end-all of the actor's enjoyment of his work.

In the first contractual relationship, the producing management pays him a sum agreed upon and fulfills the obligation of the employer. In the second and unwritten contractual relationship, what is it that the audience should pay? Is it enough that they should pay their money at the door — or unhappily to the ticket speculator; is it enough that they should come, if nowadays they ever do come, before the first curtain rises, and sit waiting to be amused, with the conviction that their obligation ceased with the purchase of their tickets; or is there still

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something more in the nature of a spiritual indebtedness which they owe the actor for his gifts of interpretation and creation?

LET us examine into one fundamental difference between two great arts — let us, for a moment, concern ourselves with music. The public is being educated — some of it willingly, some of it most unwillingly — to respect the integrity of the art of music. Why are Messrs. Stokowski, Toscanini, Bodansky, *et al.*, exacting quiet in the concert auditoriums? Is it to annoy the late comer — cause him to gnash his teeth and stamp about the foyer during the several movements of a Beethoven *opus* before being allowed to take his seat, for which he has paid a full and adequate amount — or is it to insure the quiet enjoyment of music on the part of those people who found it convenient to be on time? Is it not also to protect the highly sensitive musicians, whose eyes must be upon the leader's baton and upon the musical script before them, lest they should see a confused mass of people moving in all parts of the house, hear the rustle of programmes, the removing of wraps, and so divide their minds between the struggle for interpretation and the consciousness that they are being distracted, and perhaps be appreciably disturbed, or roughly jarred from the consecrated mood which makes possible the purity of tone and the perfect at-one-ment with the director?

What of the conductor himself? There is nothing more distracting than a noise behind one. It assumes even more gigantic importance than a noise the cause of which one is able to see. What of the distraction, however slight, which may cause the conductor a mental lapse that may result in his skipping a few important bars or divert him from the keen, all-embracing attention to the entrance into the score of some vital instrument? The symphonic orchestra is the result of a united effort — the work of a group — as is a play upon the dramatic stage. Each of the many intelligences which go to make up the whole is highly sensitized, conceivably devotional as to the individual output of thought, care and skill and worthy of the permission to exert its utmost toward the bringing about of a harmonious, inspired, and suave result. The permission to operate beautifully and without undue hindrance is the privilege accorded the musician and never more truly so than in this present day.

WHAT of the actor? It might be said with some truth that most musicians are better trained in the execution of their art than are most actors. But here, the basic system which regulates an actor's training is at fault rather than the actor himself. The musician is forced to arrive at a state of excellence in his chosen field before he is allowed the experience of playing before a public. Nowadays, in America at least, the actor serves his apprenticeship and learns his art, sometimes falteringly and ineptly, in full view of a critical public. The only wonder is that the young actor ever survives the burden of his mistakes and retains the fortitude to perfect himself.

What is established in the matter of rapport between the hearers and

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the musicians at, let us say, a performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* as given by Stokowski and his men? It is the tacit understanding between players and listeners which accords the musician the right to be heard, and the listener the enjoyment of hearing, and this is the fundamental need in any renaissance of interest in the drama. What actor can give his best, and maintain the ephemeral make-believe conviction that he is, by divine right of the gods of the theatre, Hamlet, Romeo, Oswald, Cyrano, The Admirable Crichton, Potash or Perlmutter, if the necessary and vital self-hypnosis which creates a rôle is fraught with the distraction of a hundred banging seats, and the Tinker-bell torch lights in the hands of ushers, the accentuated horror of the openly whispered "Wouldn't you rather sit on the aisle?" which comes to his unwilling notice for the entire duration of an expository first act — in which, if ever, he is expected to lay the foundation of a characterization, the chief value of which is its subtle unfoldment?

WHY is the public of today growing more and more impervious to the importance of its share in the actor's enjoyment of his rôle, and his ability to present it with credit to himself? There is an old word called glamour. Webster defines it as "magic; enchantment; a spell of charm; a magical or fictitious glory." If my voice were loud enough to detonate that word "glamour" until it became a suggestive echo in the ears of every seeker after diversion, until it became an integral part of their theatre-consciousness, it would be doing much to reinstate the art of theatre-going. There is no theatre if there is no magic, and the wonderment need not be of beauty alone, or fancy alone, or of wit, or poesy — it can be the magic of things-to-be-believed-in and grieved over, as in *Street Scene*, or the magic of courteous and gentle bravery as in *Journey's End*. It can be the magic of the immortal pitiable, such as Chaplin's, or the embarrassment caused by the eternal blunders of that "Perfect Fool," Ed Wynn. It has a thousand forms and all its forms are magic if you believe them.

WE OF the theatre try to make a little magic for you now and then. Sometimes we have fine material with which to weave it, sometimes we clothe the bald and unconvincing with whatever of enchantment we can muster. But it becomes harder and harder to penetrate through deliberate sophistication and create anything except the photographic or the undistinguished. We are in much the same position nowadays as some kindly soul might be who was trying to tell to a small child the tale of Hans Andersen's *Little Mermaid*, if in conclusion the unimpressed infant were to fix him with an unbelieving eye and monosyllabically utter the crushing comment, "Yeah?"

Like a swallow darting, the Ariel-minded Ellen Terry once answered without an instant's pause to some friend's query as to the most desirable single quality in human beings, "Good manners, dear, good manners." It would take the persuasiveness of the Terry charm to convince a large part of the public

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of today that that quality, so highly prized because it makes life easier, tempers criticism with tact and incorporates the very highest of what we know as fair play, is so lacking in the throngs who now buy public entertainment that it is rapidly taking its place among the lost arts in the limbo of forgotten things.

How many of the theatre-going public would buy tickets to a lecture by Galsworthy, or Walpole, and when once seated begin an animated conversation to the distraction of the lecturer and the distress of several rows of people in front and rear? It just doesn't happen.

Why does it happen in the theatre? Why are these little groups of disturbers, still blessedly in the minority, permitted to drive all continuity of thought from out the actor's mind and to wrench the attention of spectators about them from concentration upon the stage to centre it upon their own silly, unimportant, rude and meaningless behaviors? The audience at a symphony concert sibilantly quells this sort of thing at the very moment of its outbreak. They are music lovers, or, if not, they know they ought to be, and music itself is being affronted, their right to listen and enjoy jeopardized, the spell, the charm, and the magic are theatened with intrusion. They have paid their money to be lifted upon wings of sound and they purpose to receive in full measure what they came to enjoy.

Will some student of Behaviorism explain to me why the theatre which incorporates so many arts — the beauty of movement, the beauty of vocal sound, ofttimes the beauty of thoughtful words well written, the beauty of fabric, the beauty of color — should be of all the higher arts of the present day the least revered? What is the curious mass-psychology of audiences which gives them — self-appointedly it is true — the right to throw to the four winds of heaven the standards to which they would be bound to conform in learning how to judge any other of the arts, and causes them to judge the playwright and the actor by the unstable rule of their own temporary likes or distastes? Let no one say to me that there is no standard of acting by which we who work toward the goal of our own ideals may measure our own small statures, or I will invoke the spirit of a Duse to confute them.

What is the matter with the theatre of today? This is a question to which there are several definite, conclusive, and lamentable answers. Brash though I may seem, I feel I know them all — but this is not a treatise upon the maladies of the body-politic of the theatre; it is, if anything, a plea for the righting of one vast wrong — an effort to drop into the balance on the right side of the scales a little distilled thought to germinate in the minds of casual theatre-goers. One thing vitally wrong with the theatre today is that audiences bring to the theatre with them no inherent sense of glamour. They resist the induction of glamour into their consciousness through the medium of the actor. They come prepared in most instances to carp, to scoff, or to be merely insensible to that mightily requisite communion

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by which the bond between actor and audience is invoked and maintained.

Time was when the public knew and loved its actors, had a pride in any achievement or versatility, when the name of a valued artist would draw numberless spectators to a bad or unsuitable play merely because of the presence in it of that artist. My last memory of Forbes Robertson and of the glorious reverence of the onlookers at his Hamlet makes me wonder how he would brook the alcoholic interruptions of the *jeunesse dorée* of today, or the sweeping down the aisle of a dinner party of twenty at the moment of his "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

There is much talk about the death of the legitimate theatre, and, looking back over the past five years, I realize my large share in the sum total of that talk; and while there are abuses sadly in need of adjustment which cannot be laid at the door of the public itself, this one fact is clear and sure: any actor will give his joyous best if in the first few minutes of his performance he senses that curious, inexplicable, indefinable, glorious contact with attentive minds which is a psychological factor in producing ease and fluency, happiness and a desire to please in the hearts of any of us who are worthy to be called the servants of the public.

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Who Are Greatest in Science?

By E. E. Free

Picking ten "key men" in the wizardry of research, a noted chemist brings to light some little-known names, and offers as well a graphic glimpse of modern technology's promise to mankind

One way to select the ten greatest living scientists is to determine those whose sudden passing would be almost irreparable loss. Conceive a ten-seat railway car about to be demolished in a wreck, a ten-passenger airplane about to have a hopeless crash, a rowboat with ten people in it about to sink a thousand miles from land. Suppose some omniscient demon, bent on harming mankind, had power to choose ten scientists for places on that fatal excursion. Whom would he select? Which ten men or women, if we lost them, would leave the greatest gaps; would alter most seriously, by the mere fact of their absence, the future course of science? Let me say, rather, of technology and industry, for I am one of those who conceive mere science of small account to anyone except players of games unless it lead in the end to something that mankind desires.

There are other ways of selecting ten great scientists; perhaps better ways. There is, for example, Dr. Frederick A. Woods's purely objective method of counting the number of inches in dictionaries of biography devoted to the career of each possible candidate. There is Dr. William M. Grosvenor's method, used by him, it is true, for a somewhat different purpose, of counting the really original, ground-breaking patents issued to each. There is the test of the opinion of one's peers, applied by Dr. J. McKeen Cattell in selecting the thousand names to be distinguished by asterisks in his "scientific Who's Who," *American Men of Science*. There is the test of public opinion, by which, undoubtedly, Thomas Alva Edison would come out the world's greatest scientist, Henry Ford or Herbert Hoover the world's greatest engineer, and the late Garrett P. Serviss the greatest astronomer.

There is no more criticism to be levelled against any of these methods than against the suggested one of selecting the ten crucial men for the world to let sink in a rowboat. I propose saying nothing in defense of this method except that I intend to use it. My only qualification for the

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job, let me admit, too, before someone questions it, is that the editor asked me. If any reader agrees perfectly with either my method or my list, I shall be surprised. If someone finds himself in violent enough protest to offer a better list, I shall be pleased.

THE science just now in the greatest intellectual ferment is undoubtedly mathematical physics. Part of the yeast was supplied by Dr. Albert Einstein, who will not be in our fatal rowboat because his great contributions, to my mind, already have been made. More has been supplied recently, the experimental discoveries of Professor Arthur H. Compton, Dr. C. J. Davisson, Sir Chandrasekhara V. Raman, and others, revealing the surprising family likenesses which turn out to exist between the entities, once supposed separate, of matter and light.

From this particular scientific field, were I the evil demon elected to fill the fatal rowboat (but urgently disclaiming that demon's postulated omniscience), I would select two men: Dr. Werner Heisenberg of the University of Göttingen, a brilliant youngster whose fame is but two or three years old: and Professor Gilbert N. Lewis, distinguished American physicist and chemist of the University of California.

At present these newer theories of physics, somewhat loosely called the quantum theory or the wave theory of atoms or the theory of indeterminism, have contributed to human knowledge little that is not destructive. This phase will pass. Practical problems await solution in this field; first among them, perhaps, that greatest among the dreams of physics, the hope of converting matter into power. Straight thinking as much as experiment is needed to unravel these puzzles. No persons are more likely to do this thinking, I believe, than Dr. Heisenberg and Dr. Lewis; the former by unusual command of mathematical apparatus joined to sound comprehension of experimental physics; Dr. Lewis by an original and independent clarity of mind which makes him, to my thinking, a not unworthy successor of the late Henri Poincaré. Dr. Lewis was even successful and good tempered in the American Army during the War: no mean accomplishment for any man who has the habit of direct and consecutive thought, so annoying to bureaucracies.

SO TWO seats are now filled in the fatal rowboat. The next one should go, I suspect, to a representative of electrical engineering; for this branch of technology, especially in consideration of the enormous developments promised by larger varieties of the radio vacuum tube, is likely to dominate the technology of the next two decades as the electric motor has dominated the past two.

It is less easy to pick one irreplaceable engineer than to pick the two mathematical physicists. Engineers, perforce, are apt to hide their personal light under the bushels of the firms for which they work. In these competitive days not everything that the staff of a great company knows is spread on the record, even on the record of the patent office. There probably exist, therefore, many future masters of electrical engineering who are blushing,

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for the present, unseen by the outside world.

From among the engineers whose records are before me at the moment I would be inclined to select Dr. Albert W. Hull, of the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, because his record and attainments indicate as great a mastery of the new vacuum tube devices as is possessed by anyone known to me. Some such vacuum tube man must sit in the boat, to represent a group which probably holds future engineering in its collective hands.

ANOTHER field of applied physics that is to have enormous future application, few experts now doubt, is the use of the curious device called the photo-electric cell; an instrument which converts light rays or ultra-violet rays into electricity and which is already at work measuring the brightness of lamps, recording the ultra-violet rays in sunlight and even directing the motions of the newest French scientific toy, a wooden watchdog that runs toward an intruder, barks and even bites him if that intruder turns a light beam at the watchdog's eye. Magnets, too, were once mere toys, used only by ship's captains and distrusted by them. Yet for thirty years magnets have dominated electrical engineering. From foolish wooden dogs to untended machines to do our manufacturing or control our transportation or even to catch the limitless solar energy for man's use, is perhaps a lesser step for these photo-electric cells.

As fourth in the boat, therefore, I place Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, Director of Research for Westinghouse Lamp Works, Bloomfield, New Jersey, whom I believe to be the best tamer and user of photo-electric cells whom world physics has yet produced. Dr. Rentschler is president just now of the New York Electrical Society, perhaps the foremost American agency in the popularization of electrical science. He is too busy with that and with his photo-electric cells to waste much time in newspaper science, which explains the greater public reputation of many lesser men.

WERE public interest a true criterion of the importance of a science, astronomy and chemistry would have a right almost to monopolize places in our rowboat, for these two sciences undoubtedly enjoy by far the greater share of general interest. In my rôle as selecting demon I can see little present importance in either. Both astronomy and chemistry have been almost absorbed, so far as probable future advances are concerned, by the newer developments of physics. Most of the discoveries about the stars are now being made in physical laboratories, like the great Pasadena Institution affiliated with Mount Wilson Observatory. The telescopes are scarcely more than tubes through which some one sees problems for laboratory physicists to solve and then looks through again to see whether the stars agree with the laboratory. They almost always do.

Synthetic chemistry still has great tasks to accomplish, especially in the better utilization of wastes from the world's oldest and most backward industries; agriculture, fisheries and

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forestry. But these problems seem to demand detail work rather than outstanding, original men. The world has yet its great chemists; perhaps the most notable among them that modest and simple genius, Moses Gomberg, who presides over the laboratory of organic chemistry at the University of Michigan; but none of them would leave, I am persuaded, one of the ten greatest holes in the fabric of future decades.

For the fifth place in the list I would turn not to chemistry or astronomy, but to another branch of applied science and select Dr. Claude Dornier, world-famous aircraft engineer and designer of the new DO-X, the largest airplane in the world. It is obvious that aviation is one of the world's future necessities. It is obvious, too, that aviation is in serious need of new, original, perhaps daring, ideas. As an individual who seems plentifully supplied with such ideas and with enterprise and common sense enough to hitch ideas successfully in working harness, Dr. Dornier could scarcely escape our demon's malevolent eye.

THAT fills half the boat, and all of these five men are physicists or engineers. Medicine is another science, perhaps greatest of all in aid to mankind, whose exponents must be considered.

The practice of medicine, of course, is less a science than an art and its practitioners are apt to leave larger voids among their patients and acquaintances than in the pool of the whole scientific world. But medical research is in a different category and it includes one problem which is outstanding in importance. This is the chemistry of living cells. Killing off germs, for example, is a poor way to stop disease. Far more important, as Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins Medical School, affectionately known to two generations of students as "Popsy," perceived a generation ago, is to make the body cells able to do this trick for themselves. The great problems of medicine are those of natural immunity, of cell weakness, of cell health.

IN THIS field are many men whose loss might well be irreparable. One is Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City, chiefly known for his discovery of a special variety of cancer afflicting chickens, and a man who has been extremely useful in experiments on this still unconquered disease, but who is probably destined to be even more useful before he dies for researches now in progress on important phases of cell life and chemistry. Another is Professor Treat B. Johnson of Yale, at least in so far as he can stand as symbol for one of the newest ideas of biologic chemistry, that of the mass analysis of billions on billions of germs at one time, so that the chemicals in the germ body, even those present only in minute quantities, may be separated and studied.

But for the first medical seat in the boat I am inclined to choose, with such admitted fallibility as an outsider in this field must expect, a German bio-chemist, Dr. Otto Warburg of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, near Berlin. Dr. Warburg's researches have dealt largely with the relations between living cells and oxygen. This is important, some investigators believe, because of the

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possibility that cancer may be due to a disturbance of the cell's habits of breathing oxygen. But that is not the only significance of the work. Studies of oxidation and of the opposite chemical process called reduction are apt to point the way, most qualified experts probably would agree, to many important secrets of the actions of living matter. Perhaps our own Dr. Rous will prove more valuable in this field in the next decade than Dr. Warburg. Certainly one or the other of them would attract attention from any malevolent selector of human beings to be removed from possibility of aiding mankind.

In this same matter of cancer research, not because cancer itself is so important but because it seems to touch so closely on the very nature of life, there is another man whom I would steal instanter if I hated mankind. He is not a medical man nor even a biologist. He is, in fact, a metallurgist, but the reason why any intelligent man-hating demon would get rid of him is that he has perfected and is perhaps the only living individual who can use perfectly, the most powerful microscopic equipment in the world. He is F. F. Lucas of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in New York City.

Ordinary microscopes are not of much use in examining the insides of living cells. For one thing, the objects that make up internal cell structure are not much larger than the wave lengths of light, which fact distorts the visible images of these structures if it does not ruin them altogether. For another, the inside of a cell usually can not be examined without killing the cell, cutting it out of the original tissue in slices called "thin sections," in which the mere cutting has produced much distortion, and finally staining the interior of the cell with powerful chemicals which probably create many of the supposed internal objects which they are supposed merely to make visible.

By using the invisible, very short wave length ultra-violet rays Lucas's apparatus avoids these difficulties; it is able to photograph very tiny objects, able to penetrate cells while they are still alive and to distinguish indubitable structures within them; and is able even to photograph optical "sections" at given levels in a cell by rays brought to a focus only at that level, like a mechanical draftsman's cross-section of a machine.

These methods, still in their infancy and publicly announced only a few weeks ago, impress me as perhaps the most valuable tools which biological science has come upon in a generation. Of all the persons named so far, Lucas is perhaps the most personally indispensable to science, for his qualifications include a large element of incommunicable skill, in addition to such more usual matters as mental ability, judgment and experience.

This fills seven seats in the fatal boat, with still a whole row of sciences to be considered: geology, entomology, botany, mechanical engineering and many others. The most active field of geology today is, like so many other lives of scientific effort, really a branch of physics. I refer to geophysical prospecting: the application of electric currents, radio waves, sound waves, artificial earth-

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quake shocks and other physical agencies to the discovery of hidden ores. Dr. Max Mason, formerly president of the University of Chicago, was probably the leader most to be missed from this field, but he is lost already, for he has chosen to be head of the Rockefeller Foundation, which means that he will be counting dollars and arbitrating between rivals instead of helping to find the world's much-needed ores.

IN MECHANICAL engineering, too, there is an outstanding field but no indispensable man. The field is that of automatic machinery, like those marvellous machines of the lamp factories which eat glass tubing and gas and wire and spout out finished electric bulbs, this being the chief reason why everybody pays less for lamp globes today than ever before, although they are paying more for almost everything else. John Fagan of the National Electric Lamp Works, who has been chiefly responsible for the perfection of these automatic machines, might secure one of the ten seats in the boat were he the only man who could do this trick, as Lucas is with his ultra-violet microscope. Fortunately for the world, however, Fagan has many understudies, not only in his own organization but elsewhere.

One remaining science possesses not merely a field of importance but a man who dominates it. This is meteorology. The field is long-range weather forecasting; something which would be of incalculable value to the world, could accurate forecasts be issued six months or even one month in advance. The man is Henry Helm Clayton, of Canton, Massachusetts, whose work in this field is outstanding but unfinished. That is why it seems to me so important that he should live to finish it.

There is to be considered, also, the science of psychology. Here belongs an American whose work promises much for the future, Professor C. E. Ferree, long of Bryn Mawr but now of Johns Hopkins University, with whom it is both fair and gallant to link his able wife, the former Miss Gertrude Rand. In hope of discoveries about the psychology of sensations the Ferrees probably stand foremost in the world. The psychologist's seat in the fatal boat ought to go, however, to an equally brilliant and patient German, Dr. Wolfgang Köhler; notable for his important experiments on the minds of apes and originator, very recently, of the newest and apparently a fertile psychological viewpoint, the so-called *Gestalt* or Pattern Psychology.

THAT leaves but one vacant place in the list of ten. I propose assigning it to an individual notable not so much for his own scientific accomplishments, although these are considerable, as for what is, I am persuaded, a still more valuable service to mankind. This service is the organization, stimulation and inspiration of coöperative scientific research for practical ends. The man is Dr. Frank Baldwin Jewett, chief organizer and now president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, where virtually all the manifold research work for the American telephone industry is done.

From this great coöperative laboratory, in fact, have come processes and materials for long-distance

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telephony, for submarine telephone cables, for the transoceanic telephone, for television, for the talking motion picture and for the electric phonograph. In practical, institutional science, Dr. Jewett's organization has but one peer, the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, presided over by Dr. Willis R. Whitney, also an individual whose loss would leave in American science an enormous personal and practical void. Perhaps the only legitimate reason, in my present rôle of irresponsible devil, for choosing Dr. Jewett instead of Dr. Whitney is that the former comes first in the alphabet.

THERE are the ten: Heisenberg, Lewis, Hull, Rentschler, Dornier, Warburg, Lucas, Clayton, Köhler and Jewett. Many noted names are lacking; some of them, like Pavlov or Michelson, because it seems to me that their chief work is already done and its future secure; others, like Millikan or Merriam, because they have got into administrative work which probably could be carried on almost as well by others. As the editors of the American *Who's Who* are careful to say in the preface of their list that these are not the best Americans but merely the best-known ones, so I have been trying to select not the ten most famous scientists or the ten best ones but merely the ten who, in my own opinion, would be most missed.

FIVE of the ten belong to the universities, the other five to industrial research. That division was not intentional but probably it is about right. Six of the ten are Americans, at least by present residence. The other four are Germans. That distribution is probably wrong, although since the tentative list was completed I have been unable to think of an Englishman, a Frenchman or an Italian for whom I would displace one of these names. With five of the selected ten I am personally acquainted; a percentage undoubtedly too high were this a properly unprejudiced list, since I certainly do not know half of the working scientific men in the world. Probably there will be those to say that I evidently know none of them, since ignorance is so deplorably evident in my selections. Maybe so. It would take a truly great man to select the world's greatest, and a great man would have too much sense to try.

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The French Fashion Factory

By Ethel Traphagen

An American dress designer scathingly attacks the commercial propaganda that is foisting on women a medley of all that was worst in the styles of other years

Let me rise to state that among all the complex issues afflicting the business, political and social world at this turn of the year, there is one that stands out clear and simple, and not to be ignored — for it concerns the health, comfort and charm of half of our population.

Women, having for several years enjoyed dress of unprecedented freedom and grace, are now being enslaved by organized commercial propaganda. The campaign against their purse and liberty has already gone far. But they can yet save themselves, by common accord, if they will show ordinary courage and independence, and if they will take note of such facts as I should like to offer.

Already the lines of battle are sharply drawn. The issue is between most American women on the one hand — with most men as their allies — and the French Fashion Factory on the other.

Now, the French Fashion Factory is a powerful machine, for — let it not be forgotten — since Colbert's time, art has been France's greatest industry, and by far the biggest arm of it has been the costuming of civilized woman, and all that that implies. Yet, despite the exceedingly skilful propaganda which has made world-wide the legend that Frenchmen are endowed with peculiar and unrivalled artistic discrimination, the fact remains that the nation has in no way proved itself supreme in this respect. France has never rivalled the Flemish or the Spanish painters; she has not attained the heights in music that the Germans have, nor has she equalled the finest in English poetry or drama. Cellini sneered at the "bad French taste" of his day.

I have no desire to withhold from France her due: her policy has been the wisest, from a financial standpoint, that the world has ever seen — at least up to within a few years ago, say ten. But her taste has become machine-made. France has grown too sure of herself, has drifted too far away from the big truths, has sacrificed too much of genuine common sense and merit on the altar of Style. Her styles have begun to savor very rankly of the effete — the decadent.

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Do those American women who parrot the French propaganda which they unsuspectingly absorb from every newspaper and magazine, have any conception of what the "rare" taste was that dictated these new fashions of 1930 which they call "graceful" and "charming?" A gang of cold-blooded business men met to decide what the women of Christendom should wear during the coming season; these are the compelling forces — the voices — the crew that hearken to the silk mill owners howling that short skirts are decreasing their yardage ruinously; the designers shrieking that unless a radical change is effected, they will starve; the merchants short-sightedly demanding different and more expensive styles to sell. No man among them asks what the world's women want — what science — what art, wants. They ask only, "What do our pockets want?"

OBVIOUSLY, since the demand from the mills is for quantity, the thing to do is to pile more goods on each woman's back; she doesn't need it — no — but we need her lucre, and she must comply willy-nilly. So the order goes out to the hungry army of designers, "Drag in more goods — goods — goods — get busy!" The designers have got busy — with what results? It is not possible to abolish, over-night, the admirable short skirt, or the simple, corset-free costume — the best that women have worn during civilization's history — so a hybrid short skirt is devised, loaded with a lot of meaningless pendant floppers that swirl about below the outer wraps, making the wearers look like beggars who have stolen coats to hide their rags and tatters. The defects of these contraptions, now flaunted in our faces from every shop window, are fundamental.

EVERYTHING we use — especially what we wear — ought to be first contrived to meet the practical demands of use, after which beauty should be sought. What has been added to the short skirts this season does neither — it consists in just a lot of quite superfluous scraps tacked on; it smacks of the banalities of the savage; it reminds one of the pounds and pounds of brass wire on arms and legs of the African belles, the six-inch wooden disks in lips and ears. The principle is the same; it is quite as barbaric to load twenty yards of stuff on a woman's back arbitrarily, where four yards had previously sufficed, as to pile twenty pounds of brass wire on her.

We are now experiencing a period in clothes which can be only compared to the Baroque period in furniture and decoration. All that we have been despising and avoiding in the Rococo era is now flamboyantly reappearing with emphasized bad taste in women's clothes. The purposeless, meaningless, inappropriate are whooped up as graceful, romantic, dainty and charming.

Whereas in our generation and in our country, "horse sense" is usually given an inning, the things proposed by France clash utterly with the times and the customs of our country — to wit these bedraggled rags that so readily catch in street cars, automobiles, doors or pieces of furniture. Of late years our admirable European costumes for women have impressed even the Turks and

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Chinese; they have begun to adopt our ideas; but now we revert to things worse than either ever had.

This counter-revolution in the fashion world is being forced on us regardlessly, through the sheer force of capital. One society woman I know of was given two dozen dresses by a French modiste on condition that she wear them. Actresses and movie stars and needy aristocrats are being used in this same way to turn the mass into sheep. The shops will leave the women but two courses; take what Paris offers, or make their own clothes, for the shops here, as well as abroad, are a part of the vast machine — the Fashion Factory.

There are some women naïve enough to believe that compromise can be made — that for evening and social functions they may wear the anachronisms while retaining the suitable dress for street and business wear. This is a fatal illusion; when the defense yields in one spot, the whole line must go down. Strange that they do not see this.

One phase of the question is the cost in money and time for fitting the new clothes; not only women with stout or ungainly figures, but women with perfect figures — fashion models — have to have so many fittings that it becomes a nuisance. If our young women of today, innocently ready to fall into the trap that has been set for them, would only consult with their mothers, who can still remember the 'Nineties, they would be reminded of those tiresome hours and days of meticulous attention which went into "fittings!" Our recent styles had permitted us to forget clothes for more important things. Will the emancipated modern girl stand for this reversion to a stage of culture in which the fit of a garment must absorb her best thought and most of her leisure?

And will we who have come to such freedom — and love it — will we swathe ourselves in hampering gowns that were appropriate when we were nothing but drawing room ornaments? The styles of the past few years have lent themselves admirably to travel; the proposed costumes involve well nigh impossible difficulties for the wearer who would move about in the world. It will mean the end of the over-night bag and the return of the wardrobe trunk.

Clever are the clichés with which the merchandizers seek to disarm such objections. Let me quote from their advertisements:

> Do you dress with that quaint *chic* which is of this year, Nineteen Thirty?
>
> Are you wearing the most gracefully becoming clothes you have worn for years?
>
> Do you, with the higher waist line and longer skirt, have that little princess look?
>
> Do the hems or edges of your evening gown touch the floor all around?
>
> Does your new girdle accent your waist line in the feminine fashionable manner that the new clothes demand?
>
> If you can say "yes" to all these things, then you know the difference between being romantically modern and merely old-fashioned.

Are women, after all, fools? The fashion makers obviously think so.

In contemplating the whole situation, one finds little of a reassuring nature. Why, after we have attained to higher things, should we be dragged back again into the stupidities of the past? Are comfort, health,

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taste, time and money to be given up to gratify the greed of the Fashion Factory?

Yet apparently that is precisely what is going to happen. What power is there on the earth that can cope with this colossus? As I look about I ask myself what is the matter with mankind? Why do these strange fits of madness seize upon the peoples like diseases? And I answer my own question: it is the sheep psychology of so large a proportion that enables the exploiter to rule.

THOSE of us who have been watching styles and who know the workings of the Fashion Factory have been seeing the approach of this present trend for the last four years. Paris is generally careful, and risks its reputation only after feeling out the temper of those it would exploit.

Now, in a final panic, because of her repeated failures to effect any radical changes in style, Paris has created a medley out of all that was worst in clothes for the past one hundred years, mixing periods in a way that offends designers who have any art background. And we women are succumbing! A combination of French and American capital, controlling corset-makers, couturiers, manufacturers of silks and velvets, advertising writers, artists, stylists, window decorators and fashion magazines, has finally resolved to put the job through, no matter what the cost to the comfort or bank accounts of the public. This campaign has behind it every trick and cunning device known to modern commerical psychology.

But hope remains. There is one weak point in the Fashion Factory's scheme. These long dresses do make women look older. Deny it who can! Women themselves will be the first to perceive so dreadful a consequence as that. And then, when they see these atrocious, aging anomalies upon themselves, instead of on shopfront mannequins, they may revolt.

I hope they do — and soon. If American women would take a stand, they could force the Fashion Factory to comply with their wishes. They could escape the clutches of the Gay (and Gawky) 'Nineties which are reaching out to enslave them even while the last echoes of derision for that period still are heard around us. If the merchants drive them to it, they can make their own clothes, in the simple, charming models of last year.

AND to the merchants and textile makers, let me add one word of warning: the new styles mean more goods to a gown — but they mean fewer gowns to a customer. The point should be hammered home that the whole and exclusive purpose of the style campaign is to increase the cost — to get more money out of American women. The new dresses take from five to seven or more yards of material. If the quality of material is the same, this necessarily means proportionately greater expense.

The fact is that the girl whose budget remains the same, and who lately has formed the habit of owning many frocks, won't spend more money. Driven to the new ugly, "stylish" costume, she will reduce the variety of her wardrobe, and make it last longer — if, indeed, she wears the new dresses at all, which there is yet some reason to doubt.

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An American in the Making

By Gleb Botkin

The son of the personal physician to the late Tsar Nicholas tells of his conversion to United States citizenship

I came to this country seven years ago filled with a supercilious contempt for American democracy and all its ways. I was a devoted monarchist, a believer in aristocracy, and I considered the United States a rather grotesque monster among nations. I expected to make money in America, but I swore that I would continue to laugh up my sleeve at Uncle Sam, and that I would never, never follow in the footsteps of so many of my Russian compatriots who had taken out their papers and subsided into the ridiculous status of middleclass American citizens.

Within six years, I had taken out my citizenship papers. Today I am not only an American citizen, but an ardent crusader for Americanism. I still do laugh up my sleeve at the gaucheries and inefficiencies of democracy and at many of the pretentious crudities of "Americanization programmes" — but nevertheless, I am a devoted American.

My metamorphosis is, I think, of interest. It throws light on that very problem of Americanization; and, to the revived palliation of absolutism which we hear even in democratic America since the rise of Mussolini and other European dictators; it opposes the point of view of a former absolutist, now converted to democracy.

Let me therefore tell my own story.

As a child, even before I could speak, I was taught to worship His Majesty Emperor Nicholas II and his whole family. The first tune I could reproduce on a comb wrapped in a piece of tissue paper, was *God Save The Tsar*. At the age of eight I came into personal contact with the sovereigns and their children. Up to 1917, monarchy meant to me the most gracious smiles and handshakes from Their Majesties and Their Highnesses. It meant life among palaces and parks of fantastic beauty, gorgeous uniforms, court carriages and parades without end. Although only a school boy, I had the pleasure of being saluted by policemen in the streets, and treated very respectfully by even much higher dignitaries. I knew no government interference in my private affairs, and had the very great pleasure of playing with the Emperor's children. It is only natural that I refused to believe that monarchy could be at all

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oppressive. To me it was no more weighty than a silk blanket.

My first impressions of republicanism were no less vivid, but very much less pleasant. I was only five, when the revolution of 1905 broke out. But I remember it clearly. I could never forget its horror, nor its manifest ugliness and injustice. At that time my father was not yet a courtier, but a hard-working physician who lived as modestly as possible. He worked day and night. Most of his patients were poor people whom he attended free, out of philanthropy. Our kitchen was always full of tramps, beggars and hoboes whom my parents, good Christians that they were, fed. Naturally I worshipped my father, and small though I was, I knew that he was a most useful member of the community. I also knew that it was to the poor and downtrodden that he devoted most of his time. But he was a nobleman, a man in Government service. That was enough for him to become the target of every revolutionary gun.

For almost a year we lived in constant panic. Mother never knew in the morning whether she would see father return alive in the evening. And, though he was spared then (to perish in the later revolution), many of our friends were killed. I saw drunken revolutionary mobs howling like possessed people, attacking passers-by, smashing windows and otherwise disporting themselves like savages. Later my memories of this rabble became symbolic to me, of democracy and republicanism.

The older I became, the stronger became my monarchistic convictions. I was very religious, and the Russian Church professed without blushing that only monarchists could be Christians.

"Monarchism and Christianity are inseparable," the priests taught me. "Republicans, Democrats, Socialists and other such trash are servants of Satan and sons of perdition."

Well, I didn't want to associate with Satan.

And lay mentors impressed upon me that in a republic no gentleman could have anything to do with politics; that in France "*un homme comme il faut ne s'occupe pas de politique*"; that a gentleman can serve only a Monarch, the Anointed of God; that Republican officials were but lackeys of the rabble.

Now, I did want to be a Government official. But I did not want to be a lackey — least of all, of the rabble.

The monarchical theories which I was taught were backed by convincing examples. All European parliaments were indeed little better than circus shows. France, while allied to Russia politically, was considered in Russia a real Babylon of vice. The United States was a country of grafters, gangsters and chewing gum.

Then there was the Jewish question. Among us, there existed a strong conviction that all Jews were plotting day and night the annihilation of all Christians. They wanted to establish, so I was told, a universal Jewish empire. Accordingly, they tried to ruin all non-Jewish monarchies. Every republic was completely in the hands of Jews. The

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"R. F." on the shield of France didn't really mean "République Française" but "Rothschild Frères." America had always had Jewish Presidents, as for instance, Abraham Lincoln!

WHEN, at an impressionable age, my head was teeming with such nonsense, the revolution of 1917 exploded, and I witnessed more horrors in the three years of revolution and civil war than most people have ever read about. I followed the Imperial Family into exile to Siberia. The winter of 1917-18 will forever remain in my memory as a nightmare of indescribable ghastliness. I was rescued by the purest of accidents, when my Sovereigns and my father perished at the hands of the revolutionaries. When I finally escaped to Japan, I felt that life was not worth living. From the age of sixteen to nineteen I had lived in a continuous hell. I had seen revolutionaries commit every kind of crime imaginable. Incidentally, a great number of revolutionary officials, including those who had murdered the Emperor and my father, were Jews. I naturally began to believe in all that I had been taught about Republicanism.

Then came two years in Japan — years that happened to be for me both pleasant and romantic. I was gradually nursed back to the joys of living. I even found happiness. All this came to me in a monarchy, and the kind of monarchy which made old Russia appear Democratic by comparison.

So it was as a rabid and uncompromising Monarchist that I entered the United States. And why did I come to this country? Chiefly for the reason that I had acquired a family and I had to earn more money than I could in Japan or in Europe.

At first America shook my former political beliefs in only one respect. It compelled me to discard my ludicrous but profound conviction that the Republican form of government was invented by the devil, and that through it the Jews were planning to establish a universal Jewish empire. I have always known the devil for a very shrewd and intelligent person. In what I first saw of Republican government in America, I could discover few traces of either shrewdness or intelligence. American politics appeared to me only a most amusing farce, with its Senator "Magna Vox" Johnsons, its very delightful oil scandals, its Brown Derbies, its Jimmy Walkers, its Ku Klux Klans, its Mayor Thompsons, and all its unconscious hypocrisies, egotistical flag-wavings and boastfulness. American parades, led by the funniest civilian gentlemen in striped trousers, with the Street Cleaning Department marching in full earnestness like an Emperor's guard to the strains of martial music played by "The National Biscuit Band" (clad in what looked like purple pajamas), appeared to me the acme of the ridiculous.

BUT little by little I began to learn the other side of America — the human side. While some people were indifferent to me, and some deliberately exploited my ignorance of the language and of my rights, others rushed to me with help, without the slightest request on my part. Some of the best friends I have at present just walked into my house

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from the street. They had heard somewhere that I was a foreigner. They thought that I might be lonesome, or in need of assistance or advice. They invited me to parties, found work for me, offered me money. None of them was a member of any charitable institution, none of them had the arrogance of professional philanthropists, none of them attempted to "Americanize" me. They were just ordinary people who recognized me as a somewhat bewildered fellow human, in need of kindly companionship. They even apologized for their generosity, lest I should feel insulted by it.

THIS was something I have never witnessed in any other country — something that was infinitely touching. And this, I think, is the secret of true Americanization. The absorption of the immigrant population into a homogeneous citizenship can not be hoped for through lectures, or propaganda, or ceremonies, or handshakes patronizingly proffered by eminent speakers, standing before an American flag flanked by pictures of Washington and Lincoln. Nor is the immigrant much impressed by the solemn inculcation of "sound American doctrines." He simply wants fellowship on a cordial, human basis.

I found that Americans gave me this, in a way that would be incredible in Europe.

I think I met them half way. I did not propose to become an American, but as long as I had to stay in this country, I wanted to live among Americans and not among Russians. Besides I had to work, and Russians didn't want me to work. I was a sort of Monarchistic relic, and every Monarchistic organization in town wanted me to become its member, and to devote my time to its infinite and fruitless debates. Instead, I acquired more and more American friends, grew deeper into American life — in short began to be Americanized — without myself knowing it.

Consciously I remained a Russian, or rather a Monarchist. For I must say that Monarchism, like Bolshevism, is essentially international. A Monarchist would much rather serve a foreign sovereign than his native republic. I began to admit to myself and to others that I rather liked America. But it never occurred to me to compare America with the Russian Empire, or American citizens with Russian Highnesses. The years spent at Court remained to me a Paradise lost. I knew that I could never find anything quite so wonderful on this earth. Americans were as nice as ordinary mortals could be. But Royalties were no ordinary mortals. And American citizenship remained unthinkable to me, for it would mean an official renunciation of my allegiance to Royalty. Never could I do that.

BUT then an extraordinary event took place. The youngest daughter of the Emperor, Grand Duchess Anastasia, whom all of us considered dead, appeared in Germany. Some of her nearest relatives refused to acknowledge her. Others persecuted her. She was in distress. I had known her since my childhood. I felt that it was my duty to give up everything, and devote all my time to extricating the unfortunate Grand Duchess from her predicament. Thus, I sud-

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denly found myself returned into the old world of Royalties. It was almost incredible, but far more incredible was the new aspect under which that old world presented itself to me.

MY RECOGNITION of Grand Duchess Anastasia caused a veritable tempest in the Russian Imperial Family. This was to be expected, but the form it took startled me. At first everybody rushed to assure me of his love and admiration. They all knew what a loyal Monarchist I was; they all wanted my coöperation. Then they became more specific. One faction of the Imperial Family began to assure me that I had made a fatal mistake. They implored me to denounce Anastasia. Meeting with a refusal they even began to threaten me. But one Grand Duke, representing another faction, wrote me hastily that he was quite prepared to acknowledge Anastasia. All he wanted was to investigate the matter a little closer. Could I not send him a few thousand dollars for the investigation?

In Paris I heard persistent rumors that Anastasia was not being acknowledged for the reason that her aunts wanted to inherit her fortune. To me such wickedness in Royalties seemed unthinkable. I asked a young Princess about it. "Oh yes," she said. "They're quite capable of that. Nothing that my aunts would do could astonish me."

Other discoveries followed. In half an hour's conversation with any one member of the Imperial Family, I learned that all other members of the said family were "idiots, degenerates, fools and traitors." Another unsuspected habit of Royalty, I discovered, is to ask you for money. They don't ask you to give it as a favor. No, they believe that they do you a favor by permitting you to contribute toward their support. The Grand Duke who asked me for a few thousands to investigate Anastasia's case, kept bombarding me with letters. First he wanted me to send him $3,000 then $4,000, then $5,000. When I assured him that I didn't have a nickel, he wrote me that in such a case I could easily raise money for him among wealthy Americans, and since I had to raise it, I might as well get $50,000 for him.

I used to think that the *nouveaux riches* alone have the pleasant habit of talking about their supposed superiority. But I found that this is a veritable obsession with Imperial Highnesses. They never cease telling you how superior they are to commoners. A Grand Duchess, lavishly entertained by the choicest of the American "Four Hundred," complained bitterly to me that it was so terrible for her to be always among people of the "lower middle classes."

ROYALTIES consider commoners to be ill-mannered and uneducated. Their own manners? "She is a fool woman," a Princess said to me of a certain American lady. "I only stuck out my tongue at her, and she felt insulted!" As for education, a Grand Duke with whom I corresponded could never compose a letter without making the grossest grammatical and orthographical mistakes. Other Highnesses of my acquaintance couldn't do even that. They had to have their letters written for them, and I personally have had to write many a one for them.

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You'll hope in vain to learn from Highnesses much about art, or literature, or science, or religion, or even politics. So far as I could observe, they know thoroughly and are interested in two subjects only: their own family history and indecent anecdotes. None of the members of the Imperial Family seems to have ever heard about the revolution. They still consider themselves to be the only legitimate rulers of Russia, and are sincerely convinced that they will be soon returned to power.

They will treat ordinary American citizens nicely enough, for in most cases the citizens nowadays are much wealthier than the Princes, and, after all, Princes have to live. But I have never heard any of them talk in private about Americans other than with contempt. And, quaintly enough, Americans seem to have a great respect for them!

SUCH, briefly, is the new picture of Royalty which I have suddenly discovered. I had been raised to believe that only in aristocratic circles were there good manners, good taste, or civilized life. I have now found that American "middle class" manners are good, human and civilized, and that aristocracy is ill tempered, barbaric, petty and vulgar. This has been the more shocking to me because I have found all these characteristics to belong not to single individuals, but to the whole class. For Royalties are all alike. One often forgets to which member of the Imperial Family one talks. Young or old, male or female, a Highness is always a Highness. And it is easy to understand that they are, after all, nothing but victims of circumstances. Abnormal conditions create abnormal people. Absolutism, which places a small group of people above all laws and restrictions, gives them uncontrolled power over the life and death of millions of their fellow men, and makes them objects of religious adoration, is solely responsible for the mental aberration of Royalty.

I MAY be asked, how it is that I never suspected these unpleasant characteristics of Royalty before. This is just where my Americanization comes in. Before, I had nothing to compare royalty with. I saw nobody but royalty and the worshipers of royalty. We can learn only by contrast or comparison. One is not conscious of the stuffiness of a room until one walks out into fresh air and then returns. This is exactly what happened to me. Only after spending years in the fresh air of democratic America and then being forced again to descend into the Byzantine crypt where Imperial Highnesses live, did I understand how suffocating the air of that crypt was. All its outward splendor could not recompense me for the absence of fresh air — of the normal, congenial and invigorating atmosphere wherein live plain American citizens.

As I said, Royalties are what they are because of the Absolutism which molded them. Similarly, I am willing to admit that the American form of government has something to do with making Americans what they are. But to be honest, I must say that political considerations were of secondary importance in my Americanization. After all, a country is not typified so much by its government

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as by its people. If one comes to love the people of a certain country, if one finds among them one's best and most trusted and loyal friends, if one finds one's affection and respect for them reciprocal, one already belongs to them, regardless of any other considerations. I think that I personally became fully Americanized long before I swore my allegiance to the United States Constitution. What my re-encounter with Royalty did to me was simply to make me conscious by contrast of the change that had taken place in me since I left the Imperial atmosphere. The Grand Dukes and Duchesses made me realize that I wanted no longer to be a courtier, that I felt much happier as an ordinary citizen among ordinary citizens. They also made me understand to what extent America, which they hate and despise, had endeared itself to me.

For all of this, far be it from me to imply that I enjoy drinking turpentine instead of good wine, that I feel perfectly safe in America's crime-ridden cities, that I can read the profound philosophies of Henry Ford with unflagging interest, or that American political campaigns have ceased to amuse me.

Also I shall never be able to see the wisdom of the academic Americanization schemes, the purpose of which seems to me to produce docile robots *en masse*, rather than free-thinking, individual citizens. I personally would leave the aliens alone. Aliens who can be Americanized by the stereotyped nonsense preached by professional Americanizers, aren't worth being naturalized. In any case, one either becomes adjusted to new environments or one doesn't, and this is not a matter of mumbled pledges of allegiance to a flag, but of an inner disposition which finds reciprocal cordiality and friendly generosity on every street corner, in every home or shop or office. Besides, I see no reason why every American resident should also be a citizen. After all, citizenship should be considered an honor and a distinction. But honors are conferred upon those who seek them and have deserved them, and are not pushed forcibly down people's throats.

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The Tide of the Times

By Kenneth Wilcox Payne

Nineteen-Twenty-Nine

If school children of the Utopian future are still doing anything as old-fashioned as memorizing dates, the year which has just passed should be double-starred in their text book list of historic turning points. For with 1929 the world has begun deliberately to guide its steps away from that ghastliest of all iniquities which is war.

The majority of other "memorable" dates — from Marathon to Hastings, from Agincourt to Waterloo, from Bunker Hill to the Argonne — call up pictures of conquest, bloodshed and catastrophe. After all, these pictures lingering with us from our school studies are fairly symbolical of the dominant spirit of mankind up to now.

The current dawning of an era of determined good-will among nations cannot be so definitely placed on the calendar as can the dates of decisive battles, because the change is a psychological readjustment rather than an outward event. Yet, as Aristide Briand said in 1922, moral disarmament must precede physical disarmament. And it is a reasonable guess that in the perspective of history, the year 1929 will be set down as the time of transition to moral disarmament, when world peace became no longer a delusion of patriotically discredited pacifists, but the common, practical and major objective of the civilized powers' greatest statesmen.

Our ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact — committing the United States in honor with half a hundred other countries not only to keep the peace, but by inevitable implication, *to see that it is kept* — alone should fix 1929 as an epoch-making date on the path to peace.

"Humane" War — or Enforced Peace?

And if the machinery for maintaining peace remains still imperfectly in the blue-print stage, public opinion has at least become too potent to be recklessly defied. President Hoover, Ramsay MacDonald and Elihu Root have during the past year conveyed by radio to millions their faith in this power of opinion to check warlike acts. But, more significant than this, the conclusive shift of opinion to what may be called the militantly pacific mood means that unprecedented support will henceforth be given to practical international measures for the prevention of war.

Meanwhile, President Hoover's tentative plea for immunity of food ships from blockade has served both

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to fire anew anti-militarist idealism, and somewhat to confuse existing projects for disarmament and the maintenance of peace. Obviously the United States has less to fear from blockade in war time than any of the great nations. If we admit that we have not yet enough faith in the inviolability of the Kellogg Pact to disarm at once and completely, how can we expect Great Britain, for instance, or France or Japan, to predicate their naval policies upon an international agreement to renounce food blockades?

Foreign Trade to the Rescue

RIGHT up to the eve of August 4, 1914, there were those who believed that international trade had become so powerful a force in the world as to be itself a guaranty against war. Phantom hope though that proved at the time, the interlocking of peoples through foreign commerce is today an increasingly weighty factor in the cause of peace. For its influence is now supported by a peace prejudice which, though still so youthful, is already nearly as strong as the age-old militaristic prejudices of pre-war Europe.

Elsewhere in this issue, James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, writes of the encouraging growth of America's foreign commerce, which in the past year has broken all records for quantity of goods exported and imported. With this continual expansion of business beyond our borders, we are at last coming to see foreign trade in its true light — not as a Yankee deal, in which one side triumphantly bests the other, but as a mutually advantageous exchange. And its benefits to prosperity in our present domestic crisis can hardly be overestimated.

The Paradox of Tariff Parity

THE problem of our foreign trade is not unrelated to the shift of tariff sentiment in Congress. Senators of the Old Guard, rallying desperately around the tattered standards of a lost cause, have been rather baffled to find themselves deserted by the influential business element which once was their support. Too many of the great industrial and financial leaders are awake to the necessity of ever growing exports to have much sympathy with barriers to ultimate payment through imports, or with tariff policies inimical to the prosperity of other countries that must purchase our exports.

The special session of Congress, in which the Old Guard and Mr. Grundy made their last stand, offered evidence of the farcical fallacy of high tariffs when pushed to the logical extreme. The wranglings between agriculture and industry and between rival industries for protection and "compensatory" rates have demonstrated the obvious: that it is possible to protect several sections of the country at the expense of the rest, but impossible to protect all. The reason the tariff works is that it makes some pay for the benefit of others. When everybody demands its blessings, somebody is going to be badly disappointed. As between groups of industries, or between agriculture and manufacturing, tariff parity is a paradox.

But while politicians still play a moribund game with such out-

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worn tokens as the tariff, American business is seeing new visions. The crying need is for economic statesmen who can make them come true.

Ford's Theories Put to the Test

WHEN Henry Ford, superdramatist of industry, announced lower prices and a wage raise as his answer to the Wall Street panic, he effectively challenged American business men — and himself in particular — to the test of the ideals he has long been proclaiming. Reports that he was laying off many men gravely weakened the effect of his gesture; and the great problem for industrialists in the immediate future is to avoid such shut-downs and, by payroll maintenance or expansion, to renew a widespread purchasing power.

For, with the pricking of the stock market bubble, there was a tremendous shift of purchasing power between individuals, with a probable concentration of it in fewer hands than ever. But the wealth thus redistributed remains purchasing power, subject again to redistribution. For this reason all the more, the best justification of the recurrent cry, "Industry is sound," will be in a policy of business leadership that seeks to carry through in this emergency the much-celebrated "American system" of high wages, low prices, employee stock ownership, and working hours short enough to permit of leisure for consumption.

The infinite complexities that lie behind this oversimple statement may be beyond the powers of our existing economic statesmanship and organization. Yet, as the alternative to going through with the great American experiment, we have ahead of us the whispered menace of depression that may verge on hard times.

Yet this alternative of hard times would be in part a product of needless fear, as the boom was of groundless optimism. Certain it is that such great sums as the two hundred millions sucked by Wall Street out of the savings banks in one year are not permanently lost. Nothing has happened to alter the needs of the people or their power of production. The problem lies in the proper direction of production, and in the deliberate effort to maintain a widely distributed purchasing power.

Another and Saner "New Era?"

IF THE task is vast, business is at least aware of it and, since President Hoover's prompt call to conference and action, is dedicated to its accomplishment. In that respect (as in some others), the market panic of 1929 has differed from all its predecessors. After the crash, the cry of the business world — as distinct from the speculative sideshow — was not *sauve qui peut;* instead of falling apart into desperate units, seeking shelter from the storm clouds in policies of retrenchment, the industrial leaders came together to coördinate their work and carry on or expand their programmes. Business showed itself social-minded, conscious of its responsibilities to the nation, and prepared to shoulder them. To that extent, we may indeed be entering a "New Era" — an era of socially planned rather than fortuitous prosperity.

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The Mystery of Cosmic Rays

By Lloyd W. Taylor

Is it from the vast laboratories of space between the stars that come the newly discovered "Super X-Rays," still of unknown portent to mankind?

A third of a century ago a new kind of light was discovered, possessing power of penetration far in excess of that of ordinary light. This discovery was named the x-ray, x being the arch insignia of the unknown. Today the properties of x-rays are no longer unknown, and the name, though still retained, is inappropriate. But streaming over the horizon of our field of knowledge is still another kind of light for which the name x might be appropriate were it not already preëmpted. This new kind of light has received the name "cosmic rays."

Unconscious though we are of these cosmic rays, we have good reason to regard them with interest. Most of us are exposed to their action twenty-four hours every day whether we are outdoors or in. We do not yet know what the effect of continual exposure may be. The radiation may be necessary to life or it may be the thing which, in the course of seventy years, finally proves our undoing. It can scarcely be without effect, for this *is* known; that the cosmic rays break up millions of atoms every second in the body of each one of us. Whether this disintegration is harmful or beneficial in the long run can not yet be stated.

While we have learned only recently of the nature of these cosmic rays, we have been aware of their existence for a quarter of a century. Realizing their existence, one of the first questions which physics investigated was that of where the radiation originated. That it was not solely from the sun was made evident by the fact that the radiation was as much in evidence at night as during the daytime. Neither did it proceed from the earth, for its effect was not substantially different over deep waters from that on *terra firma.* Measurements in deep mines were rendered inconclusive by the contaminating effects of subterranean radioactive deposits. The same difficulty was encountered in efforts at submarine observation. Balloons carrying recording devices were used to discover what was the effect, if any, of altitude. The results were at first contradictory, but gradually there emerged, at the highest altitudes, a

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definite indication that we were at last on the trail.

Most of the investigation thus far had been carried out by German physicists. But at this point Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology, began to interest himself in the problem. In the succeeding years he and his collaborators discovered the Rosetta Stone of cosmic rays. It was by two types of experiment that the essential discovery was made; by balloons, reaching a maximum height of ten miles, and by measurements below the surfaces of uncontaminated snow-fed lakes in the Rockies and the Andes. The balloons each carried a recording electroscope, a recording barometer and a clockwork driving mechanism, the whole cargo weighing less than half a pound. They were free, since the weight of a cord would have prevented them from ascending to sufficient heights. To each was attached a sign warning against tampering, and offering a reward for return to their starting point. The majority of the balloons thus freed found their way back to the laboratory. Their records yielded better evidence than had theretofore been secured. They made it clear that the radiation increased at the higher altitudes, and that the source was therefore outside of the earth.

Later tests beneath the waters of mountain lakes showed the intensity of this radiation to become less and less at greater and greater depths, and thus corroborated the balloon records. Together these two groups of observations, balloon and mountain lake measurements, made it clear that cosmic rays originated at some point outside of the earth and beyond its atmosphere.

But the lake observations did more than this. They made it possible to measure definitely the penetrating power of this radiation. This was found to be as much greater than that of x-rays as x-rays were greater than ordinary light. It is this great penetrating power that makes it so difficult for us to avoid continual exposure to the cosmic rays. It is only when we are in some mountain tunnel, or mine, or on one of the lower floors of a modern steel and concrete skyscraper, that we are really sheltered from this radiation.

The reason why we know little of what the effects of this exposure may be is that we have had no opportunity to observe higher forms of animal life which have been sheltered from it for long periods. The effects may become evident in a short time, or, as seems more likely, they may require several generations to become evident. There seems to be some possibility that evolution, the gradual change of form assumed by animal life as the countless centuries pass, is influenced by cosmic rays. A few months ago the discovery was made that certain evolutionary processes could be tremendously speeded up by the use of x-rays. There are striking similarities between some of the effects of x-rays and those of cosmic rays, and the continuous exposure of animal life to the latter, coupled with the continuous progress of evolutionary processes, justifies the investigation of a possible connection between the two. One is strongly tempted to speculate upon

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the possibility that in this way man may secure control of the evolutionary destiny of the race. Such a prospect is as appalling as it is inspiring. But there are too many ifs involved to justify any excitement over the question at present.

THE aspect of the cosmic ray problem which has been of principal interest to the scientific world up to the present has been not the *effects* of the cosmic rays, but the *cause*. What is the mechanism of their production? Ordinary light may be produced by high temperature. X-rays are generated by certain electrical processes. With what corresponding process is the genesis of cosmic rays associated? To set this question into its proper perspective, we must first recall some facts, familiar to many readers, that constitute the essential background.

The first familiar concept that we shall recall is that of the electron and proton. For centuries the existence of two kinds of electricity has been recognized. On account of their property of mutual extinction, these have been termed negative and positive respectively. At the beginning of the present century the atomic nature of both kinds of electricity was discovered. The atom of negative electricity was given the name electron and that of positive the name proton. Not only has the existence of electrons and protons been demonstrated, but nowadays they can be counted and weighed and their speeds observed with complete certainty. Among the surprising things that we know about these tiny objects is the fact that while the proton is much smaller than the electron, its weight is about two thousand times that of the electron.

The second concept that we must recall is that of the solar system atom. Every atom of matter in the universe may be thought of as a miniature solar system composed of protons and electrons. All of the protons of an atom are grouped at the centre and dominate the remainder of the atom much as the sun dominates the solar system. Since protons are much heavier than electrons, practically all of the weight of an atom is thus concentrated in the central portion, or nucleus as it is called. Most of the electrons of an atom are grouped in concentric rings around the nucleus, somewhat as the planets are grouped around the sun, except that there are usually a number of electrons in each ring instead of the single planet which monopolizes each orbit of the solar system.

PERHAPS it should be remarked parenthetically that there is a tendency among physicists today to avoid reference to electronic orbits. Instead, it is becoming customary to speak of "energy levels." This is more a shift of emphasis than a change of concept. For most readers the more circumstantial picture of the solar system atom gives the advantage of an explicit picture, and this, after all, was the chief merit in the original introduction of the concept of electronic orbits. The picture has become so familiar and still contains so large an element of plausibility that it seems destined to remain, at least as a figure of speech, for some time to come. Let us continue to speak of the orbital motion

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of electrons in atoms, realizing that our error, if any, is of the same kind that we make when we talk about the rising of the sun.

THE smallest, simplest, lightest atom naturally contains the fewest electrons and protons. This is the atom of hydrogen, which in fact consists of a single proton as its sun, around which revolves one planetary electron. The next most simple atom, that of helium, contains not two protons and electrons, as one might expect, but four of each. The heavier atoms are still more complicated. But, complicated or simple, all atoms possess a striking similarity to our solar system.

An atom holds its electrons and protons together with a tenacity which reminds one of the grip which the solar system retains on its planets. It also effectually prohibits the approach of other atoms, in spite of the fact that the space within the boundary of an atom is mostly empty. We have been signally unsuccessful in most of our attempts to disrupt atoms. The electrical forces holding an atom together are prodigious, and experience has shown that a concentration of energy at least equal to that of the thunderbolt is required to overcome them. In spite of its tenuous structure, the atom is about the most stable thing in nature.

In the third place, let us recall the way that a light wave is born. I will spare you tedious details. Light is produced by the disturbance of an atom, much as sound would be produced by throwing a wrench into a high speed machine. In general, any shock imparted to an atom jars its electrons into different positions. During the rearrangement these quivering electrons send out light. This "light" is not necessarily of the kind that we can perceive by the eye. It may, for example, be the familiar but invisible ultra-violet light. The wave-frequency or "color" of the light thus produced depends upon the distance of the disturbed electron from the centre of the atom. Outer, slow-moving electrons produce the low-frequency visible light. But disturbance of electrons in the innermost rings of heavy atoms produces the extremely high-frequency radiation that we call x-rays.

HERE it would seem that we had reached the limit, for there can be no planetary electrons inside of the innermost ring. Yet there is a type of light characterized by a still higher frequency. The so-called *gamma* rays originate in the very nucleus of an atom. With them we come definitely to the end of our resources. The discovery of any radiation of still higher frequency would throw us into considerable perplexity as to its source. Yet it is exactly that dilemma which physics is facing now in connection with cosmic rays. But even here, we shall find that the key to the origin of *any* kind of radiation lies in disturbance of the normal positions or states of motion of the electrons of an atom.

The fourth and last familiar concept is the double one of conservation; conservation of matter and conservation of energy. These were twin dogmas of the Nineteenth Century, completely familiar to all. These two aged brothers are still with us, though the ravages of time have modified their appearance. For a quarter of a century

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we have been observing more and more unmistakably some exceptions to the principles of conservation as heretofore stated. In particular, the annihilation of matter, under certain conditions, seems to be well attested. Perhaps a caution should be uttered at this point against confusing the annihilation of matter with mere change of form as in burning or decay. What we are considering now is actual destruction, effacement, cessation of existence as matter in any form. But it is found that whenever such an event occurs, there appears an equivalent amount of energy. In other words, neither the principle of conservation of matter nor that of conservation of energy is valid when taken alone. But since matter can be converted into energy (and presumably *vice versa*), a single principle (that of the conservation of matter-plus-energy) replaces these two. So while one of our old friends, the conservation of matter, is no longer the man he used to be, his twin brother is assuming an added load to compensate for his failings. The total load carried by the two remains the same as before, though it is being readjusted between them to suit changing conditions. The single principle of conservation of matter-plus-energy has replaced the two older conservation principles. We are now in a position to outline the present state of knowledge of the way that cosmic rays originate.

THIS part of the problem has proved to be that of greatest interest and is naturally, perhaps, the part about which we know the most. Our knowledge even on this point is far from final, however. We can only say that there are two possible ways for cosmic rays to come into existence, and between the two we are not yet in a position to choose with finality. Both alternatives involve the conversion of matter into energy, but they differ essentially in the way in which the conversion is accomplished.

A MOMENT ago reference was made to the fact that the atom of hydrogen consists of one proton and one electron. What would occur if the two, under their mutual attraction, should snap together? Among other things, there would be a release of energy in the form of radiation, much as the breaking of a stretched spring would release energy in the form of sound. And atomic dynamics show that the wave-frequency of this radiation would be not far from that which characterizes the cosmic rays. But there is this difference between our broken spring and the collapsing atom. After the smash-up the spring is still there, but the atom is not. Before the event, it was the electrical forces emanating from the electron and proton that kept other atoms away, that produced the weight of the atom, and that therefore constituted the atom. After the event, the positive electricity of the proton is neutralized by the negative of the electron. There remain no electrical forces, hence no atom. The emission of radiant energy has been accompanied by the annihilation of matter.

But the most recent developments indicate rather strongly that the solution to the problem of the birth of cosmic radiation lies in a somewhat different direction. The conversion of matter into energy is still involved,

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though in a different way. Instead of the complete annihilation of atoms through the mutual neutralization of their electrons and protons, we apparently have to deal with a partial loss of weight, due to combinations of atoms. Such combinations occurring under certain conditions are accompanied by an exceedingly close packing of the electrons and protons of the combining atoms. The closeness of the packing is such as to occasion a *partial* mutual neutralization of the electrons and protons which are being jammed together. The total weight of the combination is thus slightly less than the sum of the individual weights of the atoms entering into the combination. The difference represents an annihilation of matter, and this is necessarily accompanied by the emission of energy.

THE reader has already observed that hydrogen consists of one electron and one proton. Also that helium consists of four electrons and four protons. We can imagine the possibility of four atoms of hydrogen entering into a combination to form one atom of helium, though such an occurrence has never been observed to happen on the earth. It would be reasonable to suppose that the weight of the helium atom thus formed would equal the sum of the weights of the combining hydrogen atoms. But as a matter of observed fact, the atom of helium, though clearly composed of four electrons and four protons, *does not* weigh four times as much as the atom of hydrogen. The discrepancy is not large, less than one per cent, but it is unmistakable.

The process of combination, if it ever takes place, evidently involves a definite loss of weight. Such a loss must be accompanied by the appearance of an equivalent amount of radiation. Furthermore, atomic dynamics tells us what the wave-frequency of any radiation so produced must be, and the most recent mountain-lake observations show, among other frequencies, one which coincides squarely with that which would accompany the conversion of hydrogen into helium. So while such conversion seems never to take place terrestrially, it is quite evidently occurring elsewhere, though just where it occurs is still a subject for speculation.

BUT the wave-frequency corresponding to the conversion of hydrogen into helium is not the only frequency which has been identified in the cosmic radiation. Others have been discovered, and measured. In every case it has been possible to state, with considerable assurance, the nature of the atomic transformation that must have occurred to produce the wave-frequency observed. For example, frequencies have been observed that correspond closely to those that would be produced if hydrogen atoms should combine to form oxygen, silicon and iron.

Now these elements together with helium are among those most profusely distributed throughout the visible universe. We can scarcely refrain from speculating upon the possibility that the material of the entire universe has been synthesized by the process which is being heralded to us by the cosmic radiation, and that there is something in this process which produces a predominance of the elements which have

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been observed to exist in greatest profusion.

Such a speculation assumes the existence of vast cosmic quantities of hydrogen, from which other elements are synthesized. The question of the origin of this hydrogen, that is, of how electrons and protons came to pair off to form atoms of hydrogen, is apparently not a part of the present cosmic radiation problem. So the fundamental question of the creation of matter, that is, the formation of hydrogen out of primordial electrons and protons, is still untouched. The term "creation" has been used rather frequently in the press to describe the formation of the heavier elements out of hydrogen. But that term is out of place in this connection. So far from "creation," the synthesis of the heavier elements out of hydrogen involves a destruction, an annihilation, of matter. Otherwise we could not have received in the form of cosmic rays, the signals which have called our attention to the process.

LET us refer in conclusion to a point discussed previously. Where in space do cosmic rays originate? We have already remarked that they appear to come from some point outside of the earth. But the region outside of the earth is a large place. Can we not localize the source more definitely? Is it from the stars that this radiation comes, or from the vast laboratories of space between the stars? The question is capable of a definite answer, though that answer has not yet been found. It would appear almost absurdly simple to find whether this radiation comes from the stars or not. For the stars are not uniformly distributed in the heavens. They are particularly thick in the direction of the Milky Way and notably absent in certain other directions. If it is from the stars that the radiation comes, we should observe an hourly fluctuation in its intensity as the Milky Way and the less densely spotted portions of the sky wheel successively by us. Attempts by several investigators to find this hourly variation have thus far proved unsuccessful. This may merely indicate the inadequacy of the methods of measurement. There is not yet complete agreement on the question whether cosmic rays do or do not originate in the stars. There are fascinating possibilities in either alternative. However, the problem is not yet solved with sufficient finality to justify our detailed consideration. The only statement that can be made with full confidence is that cosmic rays originate at some point external to the earth.

For a quarter of a century the cosmic ray has been a will-o'-the-wisp that has led its pursuers into wide ranges of investigation. Even now, when its nature has been identified and only its origin remains to be completely accounted for, we find that it carries us through much of the more recent aspects of physical science, from electrons up to stars. Truly the name "cosmic ray" is appropriate in more senses than one.

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The Negro Is Coming to Town

By Charles E. Hall

While our large cities still harbor only sixteen per cent of the nation's colored population, their "black belts" are growing so rapidly as to raise new problems, here discussed by a statistician

The traditional picture of Jim Crow, which painted him as firmly attached to Southern soil, unable to gain a foothold in the fundamental industries of the Nation, severely restricted as to residential areas when he did desert the farm for the city, emotionally surcharged with religious fervor and easily swayed in politics, is fading before recent statistical studies.

The figures show, for instance, that, during the five-year period 1920–25, there was a decrease of more than three-quarters of a million in the colored farm population of the United States. Although colored farmers operate in every State and in a majority of the counties, more than 76 per cent of this decrease in the colored farm population occurred in six Southern States, namely, Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, in the order named; the total decrease in these States being in excess of 604,000.

Many reasons are advanced for this desertion of the Southern farms, but the chief complaint appears to centre around the exploitation of the colored farmers by produce dealers, the extortion by local mortgage sharks, and the failure of the Government rural credit system to function properly through its local and regional agencies for the benefit of qualified Negro farmers.

Concerning this phase of the situation, *The New York Age*, one of the leading Negro newspapers, commented as follows:

> At a recent conference held in Washington, the subject of rural credits was discussed. Men from Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Mississippi, and Ohio stated that colored farmers in these States were not being fairly treated in the allotment of loans through the Federal Farm Loan System. The question of a more liberal extension of loans to this class of farmers was taken up with President Coolidge, but as yet nothing has come of it. The Federal Farm Loan Board of the Treasury Department should have a competent representative of the race connected with its operations who would be empowered to give attention to this phase of its development.

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Going into the matter from another angle, *The Pittsburgh Courier*, one of the most widely circulated colored newspapers, said:

> Why are Negro farmers denied loans? One of the reasons is very plain and easy of appreciation when the facts are stated. The South lives by the labor of the black man. A farm hand is worth large money to the Southern gentlemen, who have long since sworn not to work as long as any "niggers can be had." The Negro farmer is forced to get his money from the white merchant. The money is in the form of meat, flour and meal, calico, plows and a mule. The rate of interest charged and the "system" of "never paying out" keep the Negro farmer a slave to the white merchant, who is usually a *money lender*. These Southern lenders do not want the Farm Loan Board to lend the Negro farmers any money because that would break up the Southern practice of "lending" to Negroes under the "system." Somebody might have to go to work eventually.

JUST what the solution of this vexing problem will be is a question which is agitating colored leaders throughout the country. The drift of these willing but unskilled workers to the highly organized industrial centres of the Nation will eventually create more and larger colored ghettos, labor troubles, possibly an increase in crime, and certainly an increased mortality rate, although in a large number of Northern cities colored physicians and visiting nurses have been appointed on local health boards to look after health conditions of the colored population. To some of the melancholy Negro philosophers the price these migrants are paying for a chance to do more than merely exist appears prohibitive, but to others, less pessimistic, the opportunity to educate their children, to exercise their rights of citizenship, to escape the "Jim Crow" transportation facilities, is considered invaluable at this stage of the educational and economic development of the race.

THAT the manufacturing industries are as alluring to the black as to the white ruralities is indicated by the increasing Negro populations of some of our great industrial centres. Although a census of population has not been taken since 1920, frequent estimates have been made by the Bureau of the Census. The last one, as of July 1, 1927, indicates Negro population growths approximately as follows during the seven year period: Detroit, 136 per cent; Cleveland, 59; Chicago, 47; Indianapolis, 20; Philadelphia and St. Louis, 28 per cent each; Pittsburgh, 26; Kansas City, Mo., 18; Baltimore, 11; and New York City, 7 per cent.

This trend to the Northern cities, where the right of the franchise is not withheld, where training opportunities abound, where industrial democracy is present to a larger degree, and where, last but not least, frequent labor shortages stimulate the call for men, has been accompanied by perplexing social questions. The East St. Louis and Chicago race riots were, in a way, selfish economic answers to the surging Negro migrants who knocked at the gate of employment in those vicinities. "The Negroes," it was said, "are taking jobs which whites ought to have." The extent to which this fear is justified may be judged from a survey of 128,493 workers in New York City, which was made under the direction of Dr. Karl F.

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Phillips, of the United States Department of Labor, just after the first swell of Negro migration augmented the eligible workers of that city. It showed that in the total group there were 3,007 Negro workers, of whom 948 were rated as skilled, 490 semi-skilled and 1,397 unskilled. One hundred and seventy-two were unclassified.

THE diversity of occupations of those workers showed a remarkable trend over that of twenty years ago. In such typical enterprises as the manufacture of automobiles and parts, clothing and textiles, furniture, iron and steel, machine shops, tobacco and sundry other industrial activities, more colored workers were employed than ever before, and they were making good.

One large employer, of a New York transit corporation, expressed pride in its more than 400 Negro employees, who were engaged in virtually every occupation required for the successful operation of the company's lines, and the maintenance and upkeep of its equipment and trackage.

In other industrial districts of the North, similar transitions of Negro workers from a Southern agricultural background to a place beside the whirring machines of industry have been steadily taking place; and it appears certain that in the decade which now lies before us there will be a steady increase of colored workers in the industries of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, in the Chicago stockyards, in the automobile shops, and along our transit lines, both trunk and urban, and on our docks and wharves.

Of course, the social problems of this new industrial association are yet to be solved. The Negro is still excluded from the privilege of serving apprenticeships at many trades. Vocational schools in certain districts still insist upon excluding Negro students from some courses, either directly or indirectly. The American Federation of Labor, while carrying on its books the pledged doctrine that it will not tolerate discriminations based upon race or color, still sits blandly by without enforcing this doctrine. Local autonomy, it is said, is responsible for the Union conduct in each district, and where the majority is white it is difficult to secure economic equality for Negroes.

THE fact that now there are more than 200 solid Negro local Unions with an approximate membership of 8,000 (in the *bona fide* trades and vocations), does not take away the sting of the truth that intolerance still abides in the heart of organized labor and that economic democracy can not prevail until labor itself turns about face and eliminates discrimination from its own ranks.

On the other hand, not a few employers have frankly agreed that there is no difference in the efficiency of colored workers and white, and that capable colored workers can be advanced to any position. On the whole, then, the prospect for the Negro in industry does not appear discouraging. With restrictive immigration now in force, with new measures being invoked to stop the migratory ravaging of the Mexican border, and with the general prospect that American production will continue to advance, there is little

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reason to fear a serious shortage of jobs. Stalwart State labor organizations like those of Ohio and Pennsylvania are declining to tolerate longer any racial differences in industry; new wants and desires are being created each day by the American people; and, doubtless, the Negro worker of the years to come has only to fear that great mechanical innovation which his white competitor also fears — and whose ultimate influence no one can accurately visualize at this early time — that is, labor-saving machinery which may displace countless efficient workers, regardless of color, within the next quarter century.

But what of the Negroes' future in the North, aside from the problem of their jobs? We know that they are purchasing thousands of homes each year and, in fact, that home ownership to them is becoming a fetish. Colored residential areas in Northern industrial cities are continually expanding in spite of residential segregation policies, higher rentals, and higher real estate values that are automatically imposed upon the colored home seekers. The assets of Negro banks, life insurance companies, and building and loan associations, show remarkable increases. Each year there is a greater enrollment of colored students in the trade schools and institutions for higher learning. In the secondary and collegiate institutions for the education of colored youth, the standards of education are being raised and the requirements exacted of teachers are likewise being advanced, the M.A. degree being required for admission or entrance into the teaching corps of junior and senior high schools and colleges of "A" standing. In nearly every community where there is a considerable Negro population there are evidences of financial coöperation along business lines. The most widely read colored newspapers are printed in fully-equipped plants owned and operated by the editors. Drug and grocery stores, moving picture theatres, bake shops, and restaurants are multiplying. Manufacturing enterprises financed by colored men and women are beginning to appear, and the numbers of physicians, dentists, electrical engineers, chemists, building constructors, lawyers, accountants, stenographers, school teachers, and educated preachers, are increasing.

Many believe that there has been an over-development of religious and non-constructive fraternal organizations among Negroes, which are regarded as "frozen assets" in their progress. It is pointed out that the whites have only about 5 per cent as much money invested in church edifices as they have in farm land and buildings, while among Negroes the value of church edifices constitutes fully 35 per cent of the value of farm land and buildings owned by them. It is also remarked that there is an average of 261 members to each white church, but among the colored brethren there is a church edifice for every group of 122 members. This fact appears to suggest that the race is over-churched and that at least one-third of the nearly $206,000,000 so invested could be more advantageously employed in productive enterprises that would afford employment for some

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of the thousands of young colored men and women who frequently experience great difficulty in attaching themselves to a permanent pay-roll. Through the efforts of an educated ministry it is believed that this piling up of frozen assets will soon be discontinued.

THAT climatic influences of the North do not contribute greatly to the death of colored migrants from the South, is indicated by Government statistics, which show that in 1926 the greatest number of deaths among Negroes from tuberculosis occurred in Mississippi, followed in the order named by Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Louisiana and South Carolina. With the exception of the two Northern States of Pennsylvania and New York, the greatest number of Negro deaths from pneumonia occurred in the States of Alabama, North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and Virginia. Concerning the mortality statistics of some of the principal cities, the fact has been established that the death rate of Negroes is lower in Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Philadelphia and Pittsburgh than in Atlanta, Charleston, Jackson, Miss., Little Rock, Memphis, Montgomery, New Orleans, or Tampa.

The last census of the United States showed one physician to approximately 2,290 Negro inhabitants, as compared with one white physician to 670 white inhabitants. But there appears to be a faulty distribution of colored physicians in relation to population, 65 per cent of which is located in the rural districts. Nearly 45 per cent of the Negro physicians and surgeons are located in 68 cities whose Negro population totals only 16 per cent of the total Negro population of the United States. This means that there has been a mass movement of colored graduates of medical schools to the largest cities, many of which have already reached the saturation point so far as Negro physicians are concerned.

IN CONCLUSION, it is significant to note that a shift in the Negro's political outlook has followed his urban trend. He is certainly becoming more independent at the polls, and but for the vaporings of certain white politicians of the old school, who are known as "Negro baiters," there would be a more pronounced division of the colored vote at National elections, at least in the Northern and Border States. The fact is that thoughtful Negro voters in the North are quietly taking stock of their political friends and enemies and are preparing to reward those who show a helpful attitude, regardless of party affiliations. The mark of the political branding-iron is rapidly disappearing in colored circles and "modified" Socialism, as well as the Democracy proclaimed by the Northern wing of that party, is becoming almost as popular as Republicanism.

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Russian Children All Have Fathers

By John Gunther

The woman or the man goes freely in and out of wedlock in Russia, but the child, ever legitimate, has the State's backing for support until growth is assured

In Russia there have been two revolutions. The first was political, and everyone knows all about it. The second is social, and it still has its tale to tell.

In Russia, for instance, incredible as it may seem, prisoners in many prisons get a two-weeks vacation every year — without surveillance — back to their homes! And in Russia, likewise, university students in some cases themselves vote their own advancement from class to class, and their own graduation — and the promotion of their own professors!

This is the type of instance I have in mind concerning the social revolution. I could add many more. In all of them there is the same aroma of amusing madness; and in all of them, too, a freshness of viewpoint and a boldness in putting theory to fact that should make our comfortable Western eyes blink just a little.

One of the items in social revolution peculiarly amazing to the outsider has to do with children. I don't intend to discuss here the well-worn topics of marriage and divorce in Russia. These are in fact so well known that almost as much misinformation exists about them as information. What I want to point out is simply that Russia is the first country in the world to recognize legally the perfectly obvious but occasionally ignored scientific fact that every child has a father.

Yet to tell the story of Russian children I must allude to their parents for just a paragraph or two. Marriage and divorce are both equally free and legal in the Soviet Union. The legal definition of marriage, according to the new social code which went into effect on January 1, 1927, is "a union entered upon and dissolved at will in which the only concern of the State is to ensure proper care and support of children." As to divorce, as someone put it, "Just marriage is sufficient grounds."

To get married a Russian couple simply go to a registration bureau known as ZAGS and register. That's all there is to it. To get divorced the couple do exactly the same thing. Marriages are, by the way, of two kinds, the registered ones and *de facto* ones. *De facto* marriage is accom-

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plished simply by the couple living together in the same lodging. Children by this sort of marriage have exactly the same rights and privileges as children by a registered marriage.

Divorce is a simple business — provided there are no children. If there are children, then complications begin. The very function of marriage, according to the Soviet Commissars, is the proper protection of children. Therefore in any divorce in which either party has children, the children come first. The divorce will certainly be granted — a simple request is usually sufficient — provided the children are first cared for.

Responsibility is usually split two ways. The mother is granted custody, and the father granted "maintenance." The father's income is registered, and a certain proportion — usually anything up to 35 per cent — is assigned to the support of the child. A child is of age at eighteen, and the father, no matter what his subsequent matrimonial adventures, legally must support his child until that age.

As a result, divorces in Russia are not nearly so common as most people think them to be. Housing is another factor keeping divorces down. It is perfectly simple to divorce your wife, but not so simple to find new lodgings to put her in. Moscow is so crowded, for example, that cases have been known where a husband or a wife got a divorce and then married someone else and, on account of the housing shortage, had to bring the new wife or husband back to live with the old one.

But the strict laws providing support for children are the chief agency in keeping down the divorce rate. In the European part of Russia last year there were 848,898 marriages and 122,760 divorces. This is a proportion of one divorce to every 6.9 marriages. In the United States in 1927 the rate was one in 7.6. These figures are for Russia as a whole, I should like to point out; in Moscow and Leningrad the divorce rate is much higher.

Now Russia, as everyone knows, is the land where love is free. Anyone can make love to anyone else. And the Government doesn't give a hoot. The Government takes the point of view that love is natural, and interference with it silly. It takes this point of view, that is to say, up to a certain point — to the point where children are involved.

Motherhood is considered a purely social function, and therefore the State assumes a definite responsibility for mothers. Every Russian child has a mother; but it has a father, too. Legally, there is no such thing as illegitimacy in Russia. Illegitimacy has disappeared as idea and reality both. Every Russian child is a legitimate child.

Suppose a Russian girl is unmarried, but is going to have a baby. Very good. This happens all over the world; but in Russia differently. The "very good" is literal. The girl simply goes to ZAGS, reports her condition, and names the father.

The designated young man is thereupon notified. By law he is given one month in which to make protest. In some cases presumptive fatherhood is inflicted unjustly, wherefore young men are inclined in Russia to tread the amatory path

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somewhat warily. Unjust or not, the father, if he is designated as such by a court which settles the matter, must support the child, and in addition, before its birth, must pay for the hospital care of the mother. Any sum up to 30 per cent of the father's wages may be thus assigned. For eighteen years!

But suppose the young lady comes into the registration bureau or the court and says frankly that she does not know who is the father of her impending child. This, one must admit, presents a difficulty — even for the Russians. As a rule the prospective mother is rebuked. But she is not punished. Then she is asked to furnish to the court a list of possible candidates for paternity. These are assembled, the judge talks to them, and tries to make one of them agree, if possible, to marry the girl; in any case to support the child.

Suppose none of the candidates "agrees." No matter. The child comes first. The court simply selects one of the group, and assigns him to fatherhood. Jokesters in Moscow will laugh and tell you — in such deplorable cases — that the court usually chooses as "father" the "candidate" who is richest!

Now suppose some young man has been sowing wild oats rather freely. Suppose he has been married several times, and perhaps has children by several wives. What then? The story is the same — he must support them all. A limit is, however, mercifully set, and no more than half his wages can be assigned away from him. Suppose, further, some veritable Lothario is named time after time as the father of children by unmarried women. In such cases not only will half his wages disappear, but he may go to jail. One man recently who was married and divorced five times in five months is now safely cooling off, having been sentenced to serve one year in jail for disorderly conduct. Small sympathy is manifest in Russia for these Lotharios, especially if children are involved. "He who likes coasting must carry his sled uphill," says the Russian proverb.

When alimony is assigned for the care of a child, whether or not the mother is married, it is usually deducted from the father's wages at source, so there is little chance of evasion. Alimony may, in some cases, be arranged without court action, but these cases are very rare. Again, in some instances, the court may order the mother, not the father, to support the child; but this does not happen often. Since both marriage and divorce are such fluid states in Russia, the amount of alimony for the support of a child is usually capable of subsequent review. Also, since remarriage may follow a divorce any time after fourteen days have elapsed, the alimony consideration is usually dealt with very promptly in the first instance; the hearing usually comes within three to five days of the time the divorce is applied for.

All of this system of legislation is possible, of course, by reason of one fact, namely that in Russia woman is absolutely independent economically. She not only is, she has to be. Every woman has not only the right but the obligation to work. She may be office girl, saleswoman, factory worker, or even peasant. But work

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she must. Otherwise she is counted out of all the favors trade-unionism brings to its members, and becomes a social parasite. Moreover, she is likely to starve. One phase of this independence is that the wife in either a legal or a *de facto* marriage may keep her own name if she wants to — or for that matter at any time may adopt any new name she wants.

THE Russian Government makes its women work, but it helps them when they have children. It is a little shocking to recall that the population of Russia is above 147,000,000, and increases by almost 2,000,000 every year. Yet the Government is as eager to keep up the birth-rate as is Mussolini in Italy. Perhaps the reason is biological foresight. Maybe it is lack of foresight. Anyway vital statisticians point out how quickly Russia will double its population at the present rate of increase, and point out, too, that in future centuries a great Slavic overflow into western Europe is almost inevitable.

Maternity welfare work in Russia, in any case, is remarkable. Every Russian working woman is entitled to two full months vacation at full pay before her baby is born, and two full months similarly after; she has time off from her work or her machine while nursing the baby; she has benefit of free pre-natal clinics, free attendance at delivery, and free nursing for a brief period. This, at least, is the theory. In not all parts of Russia has it been possible to put the theory into practice. The reason is poverty, *plus* the serious shortage in doctors, nurses, and medical equipment.

In any case, our Russian baby is born — Ivan Ivanovitch or Fedor Fedorovitch or whatever you want to call him. This business of giving him a name brings up a point. Every Russian child, we have seen, is legally legitimate. But what name shall he take? This is often a moot point in Russian family affairs. By law the baby may be named for either father or mother. Or, when he grows up, he may take any name he wants. Some of the names given Russian babies are fantastic. I have read of "Miss Electrification Ivanov," and even "Mr. Industrialization-Programme-Before-1934 Fedorov." And so on.

THEN our Russian baby grows up. A neat paradox finishes off the story. For he is taught to feel perfect independence of his parents. The family group as we understand it is condoned in Russia, but not favored. A family formed by monogamous marriage is considered a unit still, but not because the Government has any special prejudice for the family — merely because a mother is better able to take care of a baby at the present time than is the State. Thus the growing child is expected to teach his parents Communism, if they are not Communists. He is expected to tell them to forswear God, if they are not Atheists. He is expected to be an independent soul. And when he reaches eighteen he goes out into the world — into the vast anonymous mass of Russia — perhaps a bit lonelier than when he came into it.

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Paying the Piper

By Max Winkler

A noted market analyst holds a post-mortem on the Wall Street frenzy and the theories of the "New Era" propagandists

When we reach a point in the securities markets where an investment is made in Rio Tinto on the grounds that it is a prosperous "railroad" company, or in Seaboard Airline on the grounds that it is an "aviation" enterprise, economists and analysts cease to function. Such a point was reached in our own securities markets with the result that research and analytical departments proved distinct handicaps to the organizations with which they were affiliated. Once more it was demonstrated that "We learn from history that we learn nothing from history."

We forgot, or rather chose to forget, the hectic days of the South Sea Bubble, when the shares of the notorious South Sea Company were soaring from par to 770, to 1000, to 1100 and to 1200; when "the people of the country, from the Cabinet Minister, nay from Royalty itself, to the veriest vagabond, were frantic in the distraction of the gamble; the tatterdemalion fraternity vied with ladies of rank in making a pandemonium of Change Alley; and the Bank of England itself was freely accused of involving itself in the scandal." The frenzy of speculation in England at the time had reached such a state that it became possible for promoters to launch successfully even such enterprises as "Fitting Ships Against Pirates;" "Transmutation of Quicksilver;" "Air Pump for the Brain;" and "Insurance of Marriages from Divorce."

Lately we were going through a somewhat similar period. New channels were unearthed each day into which were thrown the savings of men and women, white and colored, employer and employee. One day it was the rayon stocks; on another occasion, it was radio shares; on a third, it was aviation; and on a fourth, talking machine stocks. Steadily increasing brokers' loans, continuance of high money rates and warnings by the Federal Reserve Board, had little or no effect. Stocks were bought merely because they would go higher. The imagination of our investing (*sic*) public was greatly heightened by the discovery of a new phrase: discounting the future. However, a careful examination of quotations of many issues revealed that not only the future, but

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even the hereafter, was being discounted.

True to form, we were again aiming to establish a record. We outdid England, and the wave of speculation which was engulfing the American public was unparalleled in the history of finance. Earnings and immediate prospects were completely ignored. Prospects decades hence were emphasized. Economics were thrown into discard. A new school of economists arose — futurists, I might term them — who incessantly preached that a new era had arrived. "History does not, and will not, repeat itself," people shouted from the housetops, and the very few who managed to withstand the lure of enormous profits — on paper — had become the laughing-stock of one hundred and twenty millions.

To the host of speculators here were added almost as many in foreign lands, who also had become infected with the fever of gambling. Banks and brokerage houses were making great efforts to attract capital to the American market for speculative purposes. Our loans to Europe were being repaid with interest. Tickers and boards were installed on transatlantic steamers, depriving people of the rest they used to seek and occasionally to find on boats crossing the ocean. Bonds became outlawed and the very small number left who continued to regard safety of principal as of prime importance and enhancement in value as secondary, were obliged to hide and execute in utmost secrecy their orders for fixed income-bearing securities. The American youth was being strongly advised to spend all he could make and then allow himself to be driven by the desire for new wants, that he make more for its realization.

To those who were bold enough to inquire why a certain stock which paid nothing, which never paid anything, and which was not likely to pay anything for some time to come, should sell at fifty or more times earnings, we gave one answer: New Era. Professors and professional prophets began to teach and to preach that being a "bull on the United States" was equivalent to having implicit faith in the continuance of a "bull market." We were supplied with books and brochures which maintained that stock prices were "permanently high," and that the old maxim "it never hurts to take profits" was all wrong. "Look at those," we were told, "who at one time purchased Union Pacific at $3 and who could many times have realized on their investment. Aren't they better off for not having sold at all? Moral: buy stocks irrespective of price, and grow with the country."

And so it came to pass that investors all over the world had grown stock-mad. A new type of collective investor arose in the form of investment trusts or investment companies. The trust idea may be said to be an outgrowth of the Great War, and the consequent change of the United States from a debtor nation to one of the world's most powerful creditor countries. The creditor nation factor was no doubt one of the principal reasons for the spectacular growth of trusts, because it offered the opportunity for geographical and type distribution which does not generally exist under debtor nation

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conditions. Prompted by the success of some of the companies organized several years ago, at a time of universally low securities prices, which enabled them to reap substantial profits, numerous trusts came into being which were eminently successful in disposing of their securities. Here again, our record-complex characteristics made themselves felt. Each trust was larger than the one previously organized. Little did they think that size might some day prove too big — paradoxical though it may sound — to withstand the onslaught. Was there not a time when the mastodon and the dinosaurus flourished, and were they not eventually obliged to give way to the smaller unit, because they had become too unmanageable and unwieldy, and the world they lived in could no longer comfortably accommodate them?

INVESTMENT trusts rightly decided to move with, instead of against, the tide. Fixed income-bearing securities were shunned. Stocks, and stocks alone, were the things to acquire. The number of trusts grew so large that they were obliged to invest in the same securities, and, to obtain these securities, they competed in the same market, thus driving up prices against themselves. They failed to take into account that there might come a time when it would be advisable to sell, in which event there would be several companies in the field at once, damaging each other's market. It is largely because of this fact that the trusts can not very well claim to be able to assume the rôle of stabilizers of markets.

To illustrate this contention, let us assume that a certain number of trusts, endowed with an equally capable and reliable management, are operating in the same field. All are anxious to acquire the most desirable stocks, with the result that these stocks advance to levels unwarranted by the statistical position of the respective companies. When the time comes when the trusts regard prices as too high, the desire to sell manifests itself at once, and the price must necessarily be driven down to levels which are often unjustifiably low. Many trusts, however, discovered the secret of success: they would no longer concern themselves with the problem of how to invest profitably. They went into the manufacturing business and created subsidiaries which, in turn, created affiliations in their own name. It seemed for a time that this could be done with impunity. The public demand for new trusts was insatiable. No one stopped to question the wisdom of investment companies imitating the chain store. We can readily appreciate the latter.

WE CAN not, however, see why Investment Trust X, which is organized to do almost anything and everything, should find it necessary to organize X-1, X-2, X-3 . . . X-*n*, each of which will apparently do the very things which X had been organized to do. Such procedures, however, may perform two functions: first, to satisfy the public, which continues to demand more; and, secondly, to enable X to create diversification according to its own wishes, *viz.*, through the acquisition of stock in the subsidiaries, at prices below those at which the public obtains them. In this way, even

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during a pronounced decline in the market, the book value of X will be reasonably high because all the little X's have been acquired at a sufficiently low figure to show a paper profit over quotations in the open market, irrespective of how low these quotations may be.

Should, however, selling on a very large scale develop, holders of investment trust shares might endeavor to dispose of their stocks, and the trusts, although not obliged to absorb offerings, would probably do so, especially if they expect to arrange for additional financing at a later date. They might, in that case, find it necessary either to use whatever cash they may have, or to liquidate such securities as they may carry in their portfolios, which naturally would aid a generally existing confusion which a selling wave ordinarily creates.

NO THOUGHT was given to any of the above considerations. We neglected to consider that, so far, our trusts have been favored by steadily rising markets and that many had been successful in spite of themselves. We also overlooked the fact that our trusts had not gone through the fire of purification or endured a real prolonged setback in the securities markets. Many of them had been living in a Fool's Paradise — a comfortable and enviable position, while it lasts.

WHY is it that our investing public refused to realize that the pendulum has a queer habit of swinging too far in one or in the other direction? Did they, perchance, believe that the masses would remain indefinitely in a state of stupor; or that economic laws, ordinarily very merciless and cruel, are different west of the Atlantic from those obtaining east of the Atlantic? Did they think it possible for certain college professors completely to destroy economic laws, or for any human being or professional prophet to know whether the shares of Company A are high or low, unless they know what is in the mind of every holder, or prospective holder, of shares of such Company? Has the history of the investment trust boom in England taught us no lesson, despite the fact that our own brief experience bears such a strikingly close resemblance (see table herewith) to the early history of British trusts?

We have still time to benefit from the experience of our British friends,

COMPARATIVE RECORD OF INVESTMENT TRUSTS

Event	*England*	*United States*
Period of formation of trusts	1873–1880	1915–1922
Popularity of trusts grows — Quotations rising	1888	1926
Marked increase in number of trusts	1889	1927
Investors urged to discriminate — Warnings issued	1890	1928
Trust shares break severely — Losses range from 12 to 200 points (in England) and from 14 to 570[1] points (in the United States)	1891	1929
Of trusts examined, over 81 per cent collapsed — Remaining trusts in strong position with shares selling above issue price	1893	?
Period of sanity and adjustment	1894–1895	?
Revival of interest — Trusts definitely coming into public favor	1896	?

[1] Based upon the low of 30 representative trusts, as recorded on October 29.

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and avoid a crisis incident upon a possible collapse of some of the investment trusts existing today. The Investment Trust is a necessary adjunct to our economic structure, but no undue advantage should be taken by the organizers and managers. Nothing, however tempting and alluring at a certain moment, should be done which is not in strict accord with the principles of sound economics. In other words, we want Investment Trusts which will invest and which will command confidence and trust. We do not want them to be chain stores or manufacturing companies. Thus, and thus alone, can the trust prove its *raison d'être*.

Solution

By Granville Paul Smith

He struggled with earth's many mysteries,
And all enigmas of the universe
Were imminent to rob him of his ease
And haunt him from the cradle to the hearse.
Life loomed so difficult with man so blind,
A problem to be solved, a nut to crack,
Requiring all the sledges of the mind
Heaved by a straining, theory-muscled back.
Philosophies were grist unto his mill,
Religions by the hundred bade him pause
And knit his brow, inspiring him to fill
Ten thousand pages with eternal laws.
He puzzled all his life upon the score,
To find, at last, that two and two are four.

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The Era of Mad Illusions

By Virgil Jordan

The collapse of the cult of Bla, the Sacred Bull, and queries as to what it portends for American prosperity

The Sacred Bull is dead. For a magic seven years that potent symbol of the economic millennium, which displaced the screaming eagle as a national emblem, has led its throngs of devotees dancing through the Street between the graveyard and the river and even through our Main Streets everywhere, his horns wreathed in ticker tape, showered with confetti of common stock, attended by a trumpeting elephant, perfumed with the incense of official altar boys and acclaimed by the clashing cymbals of newspaper scribes and market letter writers.

The high priests of the speculative synagogues, of course, do not admit his demise, and have issued solemn and reassuring denials every few hours. The Sacred Bull, they say, is only suffering a slight attack of indigestion due to the excessive zeal of his worshippers in feeding him too much investment trust paper this summer. For, according to the creed of the cult, the Sacred Bull never really dies. By transmigration or metempsychosis his soul is born again every seven years, or thereabouts, according to the turns of the Cycle. In this they have history on their side, in 1893, 1901, 1907, 1914, in 1921; and no doubt in the inner recesses of the temple another bull calf is being fattened for the next festival.

The high priests of the New Era will probably perform and publish no post-mortem on the Sacred Bull, whose name was Bla. He will be embalmed and preserved in the temple with the crisp and spicy mummies of the Calvinaic dynasty. If they do explain his death it will be by some ritualistic formula of "technical weakness" or credit stringency, or by some myth of titanic combat between rival demi-gods of the Street. The economic archeologists of the future alone will discover that this Sacred Bull really did not die at all because he never lived. He was only a lay figure stuffed with statistical "horse-feathers" and inflated with hot air, and he collapsed because the bare facts wore away the stitches on his seamy side.

They will find beneath the pyramids of brokers' loans where the mummy of the Sacred Bull lies swathed in shrouds of investment trust paper, relics of real enough

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prosperity and glory during the dynasty of the New Era. But it will be seen that these were gilded in spots with a false splendor; and among the treasures of the tomb will be found several Aladdin's lamps which the cult believed could summon genii to create over night miraculous and fabulous wealth. The papyri of the statistical scribes will show indeed that the trade of the nation grew steadily, but at no more than the normal rate which had ruled for fifty or seventy-five years before; that the efficiency of industry had experienced no marvelous acceleration, but had merely returned speedily to the steady rate of increase which had been interrupted by the Great War; that prosperity was gradually spreading, but was far from universal; and that the real wages of workers had risen, but only to the point they would have reached in the normal course if the national progress of the preceding half-century had continued unbroken by war-time inflation.

But the economic exhumation will show that the tombs of the New Era were filled with the débris of delusions and false hopes, and that the people imagined and were told repeatedly by the high priests that a new and miraculous means of permanent and unlimited prosperity had been discovered, that all their problems of progress had been solved, that all old laws of economic development had been superseded, and that the millennium had been advanced as a special providence for their generation.

It was not necessary, to be sure, that the Sacred Bull should be a real animal at all. Cults are based on a state of mind, and the New Era was a state of mind, a mode of thought, an image, a symbol of great potency, all the stronger because it was unreal. The problem for the economic anthropologist is to explain the spell of this illusion upon millions of Americans who have prostrated their common sense before Bla in the past few years. Here is a phenomenon of mass behavior unparalleled in its scope and strength. It can not be simply explained away, nor is it to be regarded with callous cynicism. It is of tremendous meaning for the future and it puts a stirring challenge to the business leaders and public authorities of the country.

Probably no nation in modern times has suffered so frequently or so greatly as the United States from recurrent periods of exaggerated optimism and unrealistic interpretation of its economic situation. This tendency to ignore the natural law of steady growth has its deep roots in American history and the American temperament. The country was discovered, settled and developed by speculators and adventurers, and not so long ago but that the strain is still in the blood of American business and the general public. The opening of the West under the Homestead Acts, the gold rush of 'Forty-nine, the period of Western land speculation and boom railroad building were all reflections of this quality, and they attest the rôle which the willingness to take any chance has played in the country's growth.

Speculation has its creative aspect, but there comes a time when it becomes a destructive force. After a vast, integrated economic system has

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been developed in any nation, when the range of unexploited resources is narrowed under advanced industrial development, the rôle of the adventurer is restricted; he must give way to science and to sustained, organized labor.

The United States is today an almost thoroughly settled country in an advanced stage of systematic and close-knit economic growth. Its economic system has become too pervasively interdependent and delicately balanced to serve any longer as the basis for vast, speculative adventure. Its development from now on is to be ruled by an increasingly rigid and mechanical law of probability. It will depend upon the nice adjustment and control of a vast mechanism, by men of a sober and responsible, engineering temperament, under the guidance of an increasingly exact science. The creative temperament it now requires in its business and political affairs is that of the scientist, of the matured creative artist imbued with the instinct and concerned with the technique of symmetry and balance, rather than that of the virtuoso talented in brilliant improvisation, trusting to luck to come out even at the end and close on a harmonious note.

YET the buccaneering spirit is still irrepressible throughout the business world as well as in politics. This includes not only the vigorous and brilliant creative minds among industrial leaders whose eyes turn beyond the prosaic problems of the present to the glorious possibilities of personal power and prestige that beckon them in the future. It runs through the rank and file of business men and is easily awakened where it lies sleeping or submerged by mechanical routine in the great mass of the working public. The vision of creating new industries or new aggregations of financial power overnight by swift strokes of strategy, the prospect of easy and quick wealth by daring invention or lucky chance, hope of release from the tedium of slow and sustained labor or thought, impatience with the restraints of coöperative effort, all combine to disturb the economic equilibrium, to move the business world out of its natural orbit of gradual growth — to which it returns inevitably by relentless gravitation, but only after great loss of its economic momentum.

THREE factors have helped keep alive and foster this tendency in American business and to win worshippers for the Sacred Bull in each succeeding New Era.

The first is the undeniable fact that the tricks of fate have again and again created new industries or opened new fields for rapid exploitation which have fulfilled for a time the wildest dreams of speedy progress and quick wealth. The discovery of gold and the development of the railroad had been barely forgotten before we saw the rise of the petroleum industry and the invention of the automobile. Meanwhile, the electric utilities, the radio and aviation have come into the picture to conjure new visions of easy money and economic miracles. What next? Who knows? So long as such meteors streak across the heavens the eyes of business men and the public will be turned from the plodding facts of

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general business growth, and they will recurrently cease to believe in the almost astronomical stability of the business system under established economic laws. They will rush into speculations based upon misinterpretation of new theories of "relativity" in economic affairs.

But even these occasional comets of commerce would not so inflame the imaginations of millions and persuade them to believe in economic miracles if the spirits of men — the business leaders as well as the common mass — had adjusted themselves to the slow and unspectacular work-a-day tasks which the complex mechanism of modern economic life involves. As this system becomes more vast and closely integrated it becomes also more slow moving and monotonous, and its compulsion to mechanical repetition grows stronger and more comprehensive. It affords, consequently, less satisfaction to the creative impulses of men, less opportunity for the adventurous thrill.

One might expect that the business leaders would find something of such creative satisfaction in their responsibility for guiding, balancing and stabilizing the vast mechanism which lies in their hands. Many of them do; but as yet the common man's transition from the buccaneering age to that of sustained and coöperative effort has not been accomplished. A profound psychic maladjustment persists throughout the whole social structure, and from it well up the frustrated energies which flow not only into the mass diversions of the great cities as well as into wars and rumors of wars, but also into the inflated expectations of our business booms, bull markets and panics.

In the end, for the great mass of humans, creative satisfaction at best must be vicarious; the frustrations of reality must be sublimated in some symbol, and progress be largely a process of substituting one symbol for another; the weaker and more sterile carrier of men's energies must be replaced by a stronger and more creative one if life is to find a larger measure of fulfillment.

It is for this reason that the conduct of those individuals who — as kings and princes in earlier days, as business leaders and public officials today — serve as symbols or carriers for the creative energies of the masses, is so important. What these men say the mass believe; what they do is the pattern for all. If those in high positions of responsibility and power themselves cynically make sacrifices to the sacred bulls of the market place — who, then, can justly scorn the mass of men for following them to folly?

There are in American business and public life leaders sensible of their responsibility, and their number has increased in recent years; but in the period through which we have passed since the war they have been in the minority, submerged by a wave of worshippers of the Sacred Bull, their voices stilled by the chanting of the high priests and official altar boys of the cult of Bla. American business has lacked leaders of the long vision, symbols of sustained, farsighted, creative labor.

Instead, those who have had the public ear and have caught the pub-

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lic imagination have been for the most part personifications of the speculative spirit in American life, men who have attained power and prosperity by luck or changing circumstance, and who, sincerely or otherwise, have believed in the normalcy of economic miracles and the efficacy of Aladdin's lamps.

Thus for six years a rumble-bumble of resounding rhetoric has diverted attention from the realities of our economic position. The instabilities of our speculative situation have been concealed by a statistical sleight-of-hand, which produced miraculous rabbits of prosperity out of a national high hat.

An elaborate academic and official apparatus of propaganda has been building up in the public mind the impression that a recipé for permanent and unlimited prosperity had been discovered. The high priests of Republicanism took prosperity under their auspices, and whenever the signs and portents of stock prices threatened to fail, the oracles thundered and the confidence of the speculative cult was restored. Until the very eve of the Sacred Bull's demise, the banking banderilleros and the professional picadors were at work exciting speculative frenzy to fever pitch.

When the collapse came, the oracles still thundered and the high priests chorused the unchanging chant of the cult "Business is fundamentally sound." The smoke of statistical sacrifices rose in clouds from official altars, and the permanency of prosperity and the impending birth of another New Era were proclaimed from the temples by the academic astrologers and statistical soothsayers.

Did the people resist the insistent seduction of the solemn and pseudo-scientific ceremonials that attend the recurrent resurrection of Bla? The papyri of the New Era of prosperity end here, and those of depression, disappointment and despair have not been written. We have still to discover whether in this period of panic and disillusionment there arose a new economic messiah who was able to turn the scorn of the common man upon the scribes and pharisees of the speculative cult, and rouse in the rank and file a new reverence for reality, a faith in facts, an acceptance of actuality, a hatred of humbug and a deep devotion to the creative responsibilities of the daily task.

Some day, doubtless, personalities of this type will replace the racketeers of the New Era, the economic miracle workers and medicine men of the millennium, the prestidigitators of prosperity that have arisen in recent years. Some there now are, moving obscurely in the background or ineffectually in the foreground; but these unspectacular symbols of realistic labor will hardly serve as carriers for the creative energies of the mass of men until the saturnalia of the Sacred Bull have ceased, the high priests of Bla been driven out and the cult of the New Era has evaporated. This will not be possible until we are willing or forced to read the records of American prosperity during recent years in a more realistic, more modest, more sincere way, to face frankly and humbly the profound, perplexing and inescapable problems it puts to us.

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Who Gets the Money?

By Lewis H. Haney

An economist's answer to the question asked by non-professional speculators when the crash of the bull market converted big profits into losses

As stock market "values" crumble during the process of a great liquidation, the question always arises in the observer's mind, "Where does the money go?" What becomes of the "values" that are built up during a bull market, and who gets the billions of dollars that have been poured into the market by speculators and investors?

During the great cycles that characterize the course of the stock market during the years, the total value of listed stocks rises and falls. This is due partly to the rise and fall of price quotations for the originally listed stocks, and partly to new listings, both of additional shares issued by the original companies and of the shares of new companies. For example, at the bottom of the abortive stock market recession of 1926, an index of the prices of over 400 listed shares stood at 100. At the top of the bull market in August, 1929, this index had increased to 245, a rise of 145 per cent. During the same period of over three years, the number of shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange increased from 513,000,000, to 1,006,000,000, an increase of 94 per cent. The total market value of all stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange at the beginning of the period was approximately $32,270,000,000. In August, 1929, this total "value" had risen to $89,668,000,000, which represents a gain of 178 per cent.

It is thus apparent that in this, as in all other cycles, the enormous swelling of "paper value" that occurs lies chiefly in the prices at which stocks are bought and sold, although a considerable part of it is due to the increased number of shares listed.

By November 11, 1929, the index of stock prices had fallen back about 40 per cent, and in number of "points" was more than half way down to the level from which it started in 1926. The total value of listed shares had decreased during September and October by more than $20,000,000,000. Incidentally, the number of shares listed had then become stationary, and probably will be somewhat reduced through failures and reorganizations.

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What has become of the increase in total market value that amounted to over $57,000,000,000?

If one could conceive of a situation in which a single person of enormous means were to hold all the stock, and in which there were no new shares issued, the result of the process would be clear. This would be particularly true if we were to leave the stock brokers and the army of Wall Street retainers out of consideration. Under such circumstances, the mythical holder of stocks would see values rise and then fall, leaving his holdings worth much the same at the end as they were at the beginning.

But the foregoing is far from being a true picture. Instead of there being but one great investor or speculator, there are, in fact, many thousands. Instead of maintaining an unchanged position throughout the stock market cycle, these thousands of persons commonly pyramid their holdings as the market rises, "reinvesting" their paper profits in increased holdings. Moreover, the number of persons involved in the stock market varies widely during the progress of the cycle, always increasing greatly near the top and falling to a minimum at the end, when prices are low. Finally, we must make allowance for the whole stock market mechanism. "Wall Street," with its army of brokers and financial middlemen, must be maintained. No inconsiderable part of the billions poured into the stock market is required for this purpose. Let us consider each one of these factors.

The hundreds of thousands of persons who buy and sell stocks consist of investors and speculators, "insiders" and "the public," bulls and bears — the wise and the foolish. Inevitably in the course of the actions and reactions that occur, there is a great process of redistribution of wealth. In the ascending phase of the market A sells to B, B to C, and C to D, each one either retiring with a realized profit, or reinvesting his winnings in the hope of further gains. At the same time, X and Y, who are "bears," sell short and generally lose. Now the market cycle enters its downward phase. D sells to E, E to F, and F to G, each liquidating his holdings at a loss. X, Y, and Z, the bears, sell short and win, perhaps more than they lost earlier in the game. (Probably we would be surprised if we knew how much of the profits of the bears is offset by their losses due to going short too soon — "feeling for the top" — or staying short too long; and I am reliably informed of one trader, in October, who took a profit of $5,000,000 on the short side only to lose almost exactly the same amount by turning around and buying for an advance that did not come.)

A vague idea seems to prevail that some reassurance as to stock market losses may be derived from the fact that every sale of stock means a purchase. We are told that for every seller there must be a buyer, as if that were a comforting fact. But is this fact comforting to the buyer in a declining market? Sellers and buyers of stocks are not distinct groups. Most speculators buy to sell, and sell to buy. In a declining market each buyer confronts paper losses and a final losing cash transaction.

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We can not assume that buyers all make profits.

From all this jumble of transactions, one fact emerges, namely, that *at least* as much money is lost as is won, and that the shrewd and experienced traders, who are almost certainly in the minority, get a large part of the money advanced by those who are not shrewd and experienced. Thus, even if the total rise and fall in value are about equal and *total* winnings equal total losses, there is none the less a great shifting of wealth from one set of individuals to another.

The process of "pyramiding" emphasizes this fact. Whether it be due to greed or the gambling instinct, it is a fact that as a speculative boom gains momentum the practice of "reinvesting" paper profits grows. As soon as the speculator sees a considerable increase in his equities at the broker's, he increases his holdings. As his stocks rise in price he borrows more money. This adds greatly to the momentum of the market. Also it increases the holdings of the rasher speculative element.

IN THE recent bull market, this tendency was emphasized by the practice of the trading companies, too often called "investment trusts," which constantly increased their purchases as paper profits developed.

Another phase of pyramiding is found in the large issues of new stocks made by corporations in the later stages of a bull market, when they can be sold at high prices. The funds secured by such new issues are to no small extent put into the call loan market. They thus pass into the borrowings of brokers and are used to finance margin speculators in the purchase of securities — perhaps the very stocks that were issued to raise the funds so used. Without further discussion, it is obvious that speculators become more deeply involved as the market approaches its peak.

THIS suggests the fact that the number of persons who buy stocks grows larger as the market rises, which is a well-known phenomenon. Corporation statistics show that the number of stockholders rises and falls during the cycle, reaching a maximum near the top of the bull market. Common observation tells us that office boys, chauffeurs, and, in short, the mass of the people are drawn into the market near the top. The number of accounts in brokers' offices shows the same thing. One brokerage house a month ago had 1,400 trading accounts; it now has 100. The enormous rise in volume of trading is further evidence, and the fact that the stock market becomes front page news in the tabloids is proof.

The significance of this increase in the number of speculators is great. It means that more people buy stocks at high prices than at low prices. In a word, it means that the majority lose. There is evidence to the effect that more than 95 per cent of the accounts of some brokerage houses are wiped out in the course of a three-year period.

Finally, there is the machinery of the stock market. Many millions of dollars go to brokers as commissions. Call loans to brokers and dealers have amounted to over $8,000,000,000, and interest rates to 15 per cent,

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which means that enormous sums go to banks and others who lend money to finance the game. Then there are promoters, underwriters, and distributors of securities, no one of whom is operating for his health. The advertising bill is enormous. In short, the speculators' carrying charges and the overhead burden of the financial mechanism absorb an unknown but large fraction of the money.

Here, too, we might mention the waste, errors, and frauds that attend the process.

WHAT is the result? Obviously, a few gain; many lose. As I visualize the situation, the money put into the stock market largely goes to the following:

(1) Wise investors who buy cheap and sell dear.

(2) The few speculators, both bulls and bears, who cash in their winnings and retire from the market.

(3) Corporations which issue new stock, split-ups, rights, etc. (generally near the top of bull markets); either (a) new enterprises or (b) established companies.

(4) Banks and others who lend money to brokers and dealers, getting high rates of interest.

(5) Profits, salaries, and interest for the Wall Street army with its thousands of brokerage and financial houses.

Of course, a part of the process involves no actual transfer of money, namely, the rise and fall of paper values. For example, many speculators see large paper profits appear and then vanish. Doubtless the total fluctuations in such paper values amount to billions of dollars. To the extent that the liquidation process consists of a washing out of such values, no direct injury results; but unfortunately the paper gains and losses are but the foam of the speculative wave, and are connected in many ways with gains and losses of actual funds.

If it were not for the cost of operating Wall Street, it would probably be fair to conclude that, if the total value of listed stock were to fall at the end of a cycle to the same level that existed at the beginning, the total gains and losses would be approximately equal. If the declining phase of the cycle did not carry to as low a level as that from which it began, the total loss would probably be less than the total gain; while if the cycle ended lower than at the beginning the opposite would be true. In view of the fact, however, that the enormous overhead burden of maintaining the whole financial mechanism centring in the stock market must be borne by the money put in by speculators and investors, it seems clear that on the average the total of the gains to be made must be less than the total of the losses. In short, a considerable part of the funds utilized are lost to the speculating public through the friction of the machinery.

ONE thing is absolutely certain, namely, that regardless of the relative amount of the total losses and gains there are many more individuals who lose money than there are who win. Wealth is redistributed.

Here, it is well to remember that people of all classes speculate, and lose money. (Incidentally, too, we may note that stocks of all classes are

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affected by speculation, and that losses through declines in the prices of American Telephone and Telegraph, American Can, General Electric, and United States Steel, are probably as heavy as in the case of less sound issues.) Among those drawn into the stock market, we find the rich and the poor. Business men, professional men, and laborers, both men and women, participate. It is highly probable that the total of the individual losses of wealthy or well-to-do persons — wealthy, in part, as a result of temporary gains during the rising phase of the market — greatly exceed the total losses of the salaried and wage-earning classes. But the number of persons of moderate means is so much greater, and their individual injuries so much more serious, that their plight is probably the worse. Moreover, the losses of the poor and moderately well-to-do persons affect the purchasing power of the public more than those of the wealthy few. Such persons spend a larger percentage of their incomes for food, clothing and commodities of all kinds, and they constitute the bulk of the market for merchandise.

One must reflect that the *savings* of the many are wiped out or greatly reduced during stock market recessions. During the course of the past year, it became apparent that the accumulation of savings in savings banks was being retarded. Now we learn that during the year ended in June, 1929, total savings bank accounts in this country decreased by the amount of $196,305,000. This is the first decrease that has occurred in twenty years. It is true that this decrease represents an average of only $2 for each individual account, but more significant, perhaps, is the fact that the number of individual depositors was smaller by 524,221 at the end of the year than it was at the beginning. There can be no question that half a million savings bank depositors lost much of their savings, largely on account of speculation.

As to society, the appraisal is somewhat different. From the social point of view, we consider a period of time that is greater than the life of any individual, and must include in our appraisal other than money values. From this point of view, we may put as one of the chief gains the fact that bull markets enable corporations to increase their capital by selling securities to an aroused speculative public. New enterprises, too, are more readily financed in such periods, and it is not improbable that society is thus enabled to raise funds for conducting business experiments that would otherwise be impossible. Certainly many mergers are facilitated and some of these are socially desirable. A cold-blooded philosophy would add that as a result of stock market cycles with their redistribution of wealth, efficiency is furthered through the process of survival, that is, money accumulates in the most competent hands.

On the other hand, the social losses are considerable. First, I would put the wastes and stress of fluctuations. The alternate expansions and contractions of credit involve great costs of adjustment and readjustment. The disturbance of business is great and wasteful. In fact, stock market cycles are partly responsible

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for business cycles, and business cycles as we know them now are almost certainly economically undesirable. A great bull market, with its inevitable sequel, does much harm by diverting the attention and the time of business men, both the management and the employees, from their jobs. There is a tendency to run the business with reference to the market. Over-expansion is encouraged. Uneconomical mergers and controls are stimulated. Unsound capital structures are built up, partly through over-capitalization and partly through unwise shifting from bonds to stocks. Business profits become entangled with the market through the growing practice of investment in securities which alternately bring adventitious profits and losses to corporations from non-operating sources.

Then, too, there is the terrible burden of worry that afflicts hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the country, not one millionth of which is illustrated by the suicides and embezzlements of which we read. Other intangible losses come through wasteful and luxurious living and through the stimulus to the gambling instinct. We can not measure it, but few will deny that a very undesirable aspect of stock market booms is the encouragement they give to thousands of people who desire to live without work.

All this is merely suggestive. It would take a volume to discuss the intangible values of speculative cycles. We can say only that, while the total money losses in the course of a stock market cycle may not exceed the total money gains (including the incomes of brokers, financial middlemen, and their employes), the number of individuals who suffer is so great and the disturbance to business is so serious, that it seems probable that society as a whole is more injured than benefitted by speculation *as now practised in the United States*.

Regardless of gains and losses, the stock market and speculation of a sort are both necessary and advantageous. Without them, business and industry and the valuable material development of the age would be impossible, and it follows that wages and profits of the Wall Street army are truly earned. The trouble lies not so much in the machinery as in the way the machinery is used. It badly needs a "governor."

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Salvation by Information

By Hughes Mearns
Professor of Education, New York University

The tale of a parents' revolt against our scholastic system of cramming dead matter into live young heads

The spelling papers which my mother has lovingly saved reveal me as a school boy with the record of a 100 per cent perfect speller. In the interminable packages of daily spelling lessons, there is not a single error, although included in the lists is a liberal allotment of what we used to call "jaw-breakers": *hypothecate*, *isosceles*, *pterodactyl*, *caryatid*. The school authorities certificated me as a perfect speller, but the joke of it is — whether on me or on the school authorities — I can not spell at all and never could! How I concealed my lack from the school masters is a later story.

I have written books and I can not spell. I have been a professor of English and I can not spell. Better still — or worse! — I have carried on an investigation in the subject of spelling covering a period of several years and have published a technical report, because of which I have been referred to (once) as an "expert in spelling"; yet I can not spell.

Obviously a failure to spell has not interfered in the slightest with my career as teacher or writing man. As teacher I do not need to spell at all; it is my students who must get the *ei's* and the *ie's* straightened out. My letters are typed by persons whose business it is, not mine, to know how many *s's* in *disappoint*. Editors and copy-readers perform noiselessly and without complaint upon my weird manuscripts.

The teachers and administrators of education of my schoolboy days believed unanimously that future economic and social salvation were not to be had save by learning to spell. I trusted and believed them. The world trusted and believed them. My own experience assures me, however, that in this particular matter they were quite wrong. They even tried deliberately to frighten us by proclaiming that the bad spellers would surely not make money. I am strangely overpaid for everything I do.

They assured us also, with a benumbing and convincing solemnity, that Blank's American history textbook must be committed to memory, three to five selected paragraphs a day. As my family travelled about a great deal during my elementary

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years, I know from experience in many cities and small towns that Blank's American history textbook was about the sole source of history for American youth; and I know also that the memorization of that text was an article of faith among teachers generally. Since that time I have worked under experts in the sources of American history, and I know now that Blank's book is a bit of presumptuous ignorance. My solemn and determined instructors were wrong again.

MEMORIZATION of the sacred words of a commercially motivated textbook was general in nearly all subjects from the earliest grades through the high school. They called it by the fine name of "learning"; but a long and cherished experience with great scholars and with the fruits of their scholarship has proved to me that that other business was anything but learning. My teachers were again wrong in a fundamental matter of their own profession.

Failure stalked all about us and laid hundreds low. In one class of fifty boys, only two of us were considered fit to pass into the next grade. The others stayed on for another year's trial, or, fortunately for them, they dropped out of the educational mill and found a decent place for themselves in the world of industry. I say "fortunately" with care; they walked out into one of the greatest opportunities for making fortunes that the world has ever known, America in the midst of the great historic industrial expansion. I know what I am talking about, for during a period of my lowest ebb in fortune-making — the tawdry memory of which gives me a grisly shiver still — my wife and I have been open-eyed guests on the astonishing yachts of those school failures.

The school régime offered no serious obstacles to me, however; I stayed on and was given the chance of further education, but my luck was due solely to the possession of a special trick: I was the owner of a glib verbal memory. Note, however, that the school did not teach me this trick; I brought it with me and used it as a life-saver against the persistent attacks of an organization whose prime object, it seemed, was to get rid of its enemies, the pupils. And how it did get rid of them! Only those who could hold a page of strange, haphazard information together for a brief period and later regather it for examination purposes, only they were the ones to go on through the grades. Eventually the members of this type were selected out and were graduated, and these became, naturally enough, teachers themselves, thus perpetuating the system.

PERHAPS the reader is one who had not my simple verbal gift and was therefore cast out somewhere along the educational line as unfit. Perhaps he may have been too fine a thinker to accept without question the facts presented in the page of a textbook. Woe unto him if he once began to think!

The thing still goes on, of course; disguised often in much of the more modern school programmes, it still hopes to save souls by functionless information; therefore it is important, for tradition is a well-nigh un-

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conquerable force, that we see our social institutions in the light of the past, out of which they are so staunchly born.

We children learned the exact height in feet of all the mountains of the world and the exact population of American cities according to the census of 1880. The mountain tops are where they were but, alas, the inhabitants of the cities have moved about, thus killing my chance to shine in polite conversation.

As very small tots we must know the distinction between the *tibia* and the *fibula;* how many gills to the gallon; the number of *minims* in a *scruple* — and there's a nice subject for the pastor's sermon — and a mass of ticklish information about surveyor's roods, chains, and perches which, to my amazement as a child, I discovered surveyors had long since discarded. History and literature were a memorization of dates and titles. Geography was almost wholly statistical. No one could get a perfect mark in reading unless he held the book in his left hand and never failed to pronounce every *the* to rhyme with *me* and every *a* to rhyme with *bay*. It amused me once as a lad to sit in the front row and check the errors in these matters of a distinguished President of the United States as he read from manuscript; but what it never occurred to me to suspect was that even in the region of the meticulous teaching of facts the schoolmaster was wrong and the President of the United States was right.

I recall one horrible day when I was late for school. The announcement of "All books closed!" greeted my arrival and I knew then that I was lost. Give me five minutes before the lesson to skim over the pages and I could hold the most ridiculously irrelevant information in my head long enough to make a tolerable recitation. That was the trick of verbal memory which kept me in school; which made me one of fifteen of that group to pass into high school the following June; which saved me as one out of thirty-seven to complete the high school course.

The room full of twelve and thirteen-year-old's came to rigid attention. With book in hand the teacher turned with brisk confidence to the Number One boy. "What is *metonymy?*" she asked. One could not use experience, or even mother wit, in answering the school questions of those days. Metonymy is not a thing that functions in either youthful or adult living; it is a creature primarily of the schoolroom and foreign to any live world. The quaking terror of guilt I recall to this day, as that teacher's kindly confidence oozed before me into glassy incredulity, for I was that Number One boy; and I strictly did not know of *metonymy* nor could I possibly hazard a guess.

Others did not know, I am content to remember. Her horror grew. Piecing partial bits of information here and there, she got through with *metonymy*, but those rows of boys looked pretty rumpled, and the list of detentions was already formidable. She fairly raked the last row with indignant request for answer to the next question; and then, having battled completely through the class, she turned again to the Number One

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boy wearily to ask, "What is *synecdoche?*"

The Number One boy did not know that one either. Then she *did* break loose, with port and starboard broadsides. The battle became a rout. Right and left she scourged. Penalties of half-hour detentions were piling up until the victims grew desperate, for they knew that they might not see outside daylight for weeks to come. Attempt at revolt broke out here and there. Several boys were sent to the principal for whippings. She was a good, natural shaker herself. Some were stood in corners. It was a terrible day. I think of it still as *The Famous Battle of Metonymy and Synecdoche*. A ballad should be writ on it.

Others may have tried to answer her stinging shots in kind, but my only feelings were of guilt and fear. The terrific indignation of that huge old woman made me slightly ill. I remember now the dry throat and the incessant swallowings. How I longed for a drink; but who would have dared in that tragic hour to beg a truce in the furious battle to secure a cooling draft of water!

My white face may have moved her pity; at any rate she nearly annihilated me with fright by moving solemnly toward me at the close of the lesson, but she astounded me even more by saying quietly, "Boy, I will not disgrace you by giving you a detention and so spoil your perfect record, but I wish you merely to stay with me for a moment at recess and learn today's lesson." With really charming and convincing partiality she went on, "It is *very* important to know *metonymy* and *synecdoche*, and I want you especially to know them, or otherwise, when you grow up" — lowered voice, suggesting slow horror — "*you will not be able to so much as talk to your fellow-man!*"

Somehow I thought that she meant that I should be literally dumb. She had emphasized *talk* in a most lurid way. Dumb! Horrible thought. I stayed willingly as her guest and applied myself to the definitions.

To this day, as a consequence, I know *metonymy* and *synecdoche* and can recite them (and often do for the amusement of my friends) in the shrill high monotone of the old-fashioned recitation: "*Metonymy*-is-the-container-for-the-thing-contained-as-when-one-says-the-kettle-boils-when-one-does-not-mean-that-the-kettle-boils-but-that-the-water-in-the-kettle-boils. *Synecdoche*-is-a-part-for-the-whole-as-when-one-says-the-fleet-has-fifty-sail-when-one-does-not-mean-that-the-fleet-has-fifty-sail-but-that-the-fleet-has-fifty-ships."

Yes; I know *metonymy* and *synecdoche* and therefore I am not dumb before my fellow-man; but my fellow-man! He seems never to have heard of these matters. On the important subjects of *metonymy* and *synecdoche* I can find simply no companionable conversationalist. I am a lonely man. If on entering a strange group I so much as broach either subject, there is first a silence and then an obvious edging away.

Of course we know that all this is dead matter, a persistent survival in the schools of the ancient subject

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of "ornament" of which Puttenham's Sixteenth Century *Arte of English Poesie* gives over one hundred stiff examples, including such pleasant ones as *zeugma*, *hyperbaton*, and *anadiplosis*. It was important to know *metonymy*, *synecdoche* and the whole hundred in Puttenham's day, but that kind of knowledge went out of style a hundred years or more before the schools gave it up. My teacher believed that the polite and refined world still conversed upon such topics as *protasis*, *diæresis*, *exordia* and *antepenultimates*, all antiques with illustrious pedigrees; without in the least comprehending it, she was really preparing me for the cloistered society of Thomas Drant, William Webbe, Gabriel Harvey and the lesser Sixteenth Century pedants.

In my young days, the school system prided itself on having a standard that was both high and difficult. It was neither. Advancement was permitted only to lads with verbal memories, lads who found those standards both low and easy. It is not hard for a cow to eat grass.

SINCE that day the schools have been engaged in a serious unloading of those strange "facts" isolated in the classroom for hundreds of years or more; but inch by inch the changes have been contested by those who believe that children are to be saved by the test of verbal memory. In some places, therefore, only small gains have been made, as many parents will testify who try night after night to prepare sleepy children for the ordeal of the next day's "lessons."

They may no longer compel youngsters to memorize, as I had to do, the long Latin mnemonic nonsense beginning, *Barbara, celarent, darii, ferioque*, without which, our high school professor of logic claimed, there could be no logical soul in us, but which Josiah Royce dismissed, in his first lecture to us in logic at Harvard College, as a silly bit of useless mental lumber. Still, the zealots among them have compelled equally disturbing requirements — my collection of illustrations would shock even the conservatives — for instance, a strict memorization of the ten moons of Saturn — a knowledge of which no doubt, learned reader, you would not be for a moment without! — *Mimas, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, Hyperion, Iapetus, Phœbe, Themis!*

RECENTLY I looked into an English room where a bewildered ten-year-old was trying to explain the difference between a *gerund* and a *gerundive*. The principal of the school joined us; he watched kindly while the boy floundered about. When finally the lad had flopped into his seat defeated and disconsolate, I turned to ask, "Why, in these enlightened days, do you insist upon such useless hairsplittings?" "Secondary Board Examinations," he explained; "the boy's parents insist that he go to a fashionable prep school, which requires that and a hundred other 'facts' equally obsolete." Then he lifted the boy immensely by remarking with a warming smile, "It may help you, Charles, when I say that you are no worse off than I, for I'm blessed if I know myself what is the difference between a *gerund* and a *gerundive!*"

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"Our finest hope is finest memory," sings one of the greatest of our women. Think what warm, live and pregnant associations might have been put into the mysterious spirit-mind of youth instead of the dry verbal dust of forgotten distinctions of the pedants. Listen for a moment to Walter Pater: "How significant . . . the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterward discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on . . . the smooth wax of our ingenious souls, giving form and feature and, as it were, assigned houseroom in our memory to early experiences of feeling and thought, *which abide with us ever afterwards*, thus, and not otherwise."

THINK of the warring attack of these pedants on the "ingenious soul" of youth, and then think of what might have been done with that "finest hope" that lies in "finest memory!"

During the past twenty-five years a quiet, unheralded revolt against this senseless cramming process has been going on within the ranks of sensitive, intelligent parents. Oddly enough the attack was made first and mainly against the fashionable schools. They had become so out of date as to be in some instances really comic. One woman tells me — she is of extremely "good family," being a descendant seemingly of everybody of importance in Europe and America — that a few years ago she had had the hardest time withdrawing herself and her daughter from a fearfully gracious person, the head mistress of one of the so-called "best" — meaning "most exclusive" — schools. Coming after some years' absence abroad to inquire about the placement of her daughter, she discovered quickly that that school was simply a museum of dead information and an equally dead "discipline." "In five minutes I knew I had to get out," she said, "but how, without a blow, could I convince the imposing person before me that her school was no place for a daughter of mine? I said — she had been listing the impossible things taught, including lady-like posture and table manners — 'I'm sorry,' I said, 'but we must go. The school is no doubt quite superior and all that you claim, but I am looking for — something else. I don't care, you know, really, if my daughter doesn't. . . .' She interrupted with a question in which horror trembled, 'Don't you wish your daughter to be a *lady?*' 'Heavens, no!' I fairly shouted. 'Come, daughter!' And we left that impossible place."

THE revolters went quietly to work to build their own schools and to acquire their own staffs. Within a decade or two these and similar groups of parents in various parts of this country had contributed over twenty million dollars toward the education of their own children. The small-salaried professional people joined with their wealthier neighbors, making huge sacrifices, as I know from long acquaintance with this movement, but cheered by the thought that they could give their children an education freed from senseless daily torture and, at the

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same time, alive with the chance of healthy educational growth.

These schools have been variously named, Country Day Schools, Park Schools, Experimental Schools. Under the general title of Progressive Schools they have gradually become known to the world at large, an elastic term but satisfactory enough if one understands by progressive school the definition recently given by Eugene Randolph Smith, head master of the Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts: "We conceive 'progressive' to mean that state of mind that can be satisfied with nothing less than the best and so keeps in touch with the development of educational experiment, investigation, and philosophy, adopting for its own use such changes as seem sound and contributing its own initiative where it can."

Of enormous significance to public education, the leaders of this quiet movement have dared expose their children to a practical application of the best modern thinking in education. They have deliberately cast off the theory of salvation solely by book-information and have substituted a faith in the native desire of childhood for genuine learning, faith in its abilities, in its fine ambitions to achieve, in its undoubted high ideals.

For that faith they have had already ample justification. The normal child, they have proved, is naturally a hard worker. He is eager to know and to study. He will bend himself willingly to drudgery, as do all sensible adults, when the end is comprehended as profitable and worthy. He has taste and judgment and will grow in the possession of these desirables if given the right chances. His ideals, when properly brought out in a sympathetic environment, put us practical and compromising elders to daily shame.

What the public school could not do, caught in the terrific machinery of tradition, what the private schools dared not do, fearful of losing their clientèle and those necessary tuition fees, these progressive schools have done courageously and beautifully. They have been the great experimental fields in child education; their accomplishments are already affecting both public and private organizations, for, note, we do not list the progressive schools as private schools. A private school, with a very few exceptions, is an institution owned by an individual or by a corporation whose business it is to make money; the progressive schools, maintained by parents or by university schools of education, have no money-making aim. The modern movement known as progressive is no more "private" than is Harvard College.

Further, the progressive schools, avowedly experimental stations in the new education, have as their prime aim, first, to secure the educational environment that will bring out and strengthen the best abilities of their own children, and then, to show the way for public education by a long-time practical demonstration of untried ways. "To serve the cause of better education" is one of their announced slogans, to which all generously and patriotically subscribe.

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As part of the latter aim they have published a host of outstanding books and pamphlets on education. Those are brilliantly and flamingly alive and constitute the most stirring and provocative reading of their kind in this our stirring and provocative day. While the professional pedagogue has been turning his attention to his personal, and profitable, business of making textbooks, themselves often a perpetuation of the iron-bound tradition of the information salvationists, the new school of thought has been adding to the knowledge of childhood and has been spreading before an eager public of parents the new gospel of faith in the enormous potentialities of the rightly-guided child; and, in the meantime, their own researches and experiments have been bringing to light a psychology of youth which the older education had never once comprehended and which, judged by some of the latest books of its professors and lecturers, it does not now altogether welcome.

But what about you, desperate parent, for whose children no progressive school is available? What, you may well ask, are you going to do? You whose young daughter is memorizing (in the glorious name of Science!) the names of the eighty-eight chemical elements, from *argon* to *zirconium*, with symbol, atomic weight, and valency of each, although she will never once see them or feel them or smell them or even use them? You whose child is now sitting up far into the night writing interminable lists of predicate nouns found in *Evangeline?* You whose little lad comes home from his first experience of school depressed beyond your consoling by a "failure" in so-called "English" when you know, in your hours of intimate communion with him, that he has a finer sense of language values than any mere gerund-grinder may ever discover? What are you to do whose needs are immediate?

The answer, alas, is in the future. One can not in an hour revivify a social institution that is failing to put forth leaf and bud in due season. The only answer, hard as that may seem, is to unite with those who are stirring the sensitive and intelligent parents of this country to a sense of new needs and to a desire for change. Look into the New Education Fellowship, whose international conferences are making a world issue of education. Join the Progressive Education Association; receive its *Quarterly*, a constant challenge to the old to meet the spiritual needs of the present day; discover the astonishing literature of the New Youth which these members of a world-wide league of enthusiasts have been spreading broadcast. The opportunity will come for your child, but only after parents generally have become convinced of the value of such opportunity.

For, it is the parents who are the keystone. The public school of America belongs neither to the curriculum maker nor to the schoolmaster; the public school belongs to the mothers and fathers of the public school children but — practical democracy being what it is — it is never likely to be very much better than those same mothers and fathers wholeheartedly wish it to be.

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The Seven Little Foxes

By Storm Jameson

"Linda, darling," said George; "have you thought. . . ." Linda paused obediently with the powder-puff poised. She communed, plaintively tolerant, with her reflection in the glass. "George is a dear, and, of course, I adore him, but *isn't* he sometimes. . . ." And her reflection answered obediently: "Yes, he *is*."

"Do go on, George. You don't know how irritating it is to have a man asking me if I've thought, when I'm most importantly engaged. Of course I have. I'm always thinking."

"Sorry, darling," returned George penitently. "I mean — about next week."

Linda finished intricate business with the puff before replying.

"Next week, darling?" she asked patiently. "What about next week? It isn't the end of the world, is it? Or are we dining with the Prince of Wales? Do try not to be so mysterious."

"Well, it's Christmas," explained George laboriously.

"Christmas!" said Linda, opening her eyes very wide, as if she had heard of it for the first time. "There, I knew it was lurking about somewhere. Well, it won't hurt us, George. And, by the way, there's the most lovely. . . ."

"I know," George interrupted. "Got it already." He patted his pocket with satisfaction.

"*Darling!*" cried Linda. "Have you? Have you *really?* Come over here and kiss me at once. . . . George, sometimes I think you *are* the perfect husband!"

". . . Got it in Paris last week . . . suit you perfectly. . . . Darling . . . by Jove, you do look ripping like that. . . ."

Order having been restored, George returned to the attack.

"Well, what about it?"

"About what?"

"Why, Christmas. What are we going to do? Festive occasion, an' all that, what? Jolly old Yuletide —

"A pye sat on a partridge. Yo-ho-ho
A pye sat on a partridge. Oh-ho-ho. . . ."

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" screamed Linda. "I've told you a dozen times not to sing in the flat. People will think you're murdering me, or biting me, or something equally indelicate."

"Sorry, old thing. I got rather carried away. Well, what'll we do?"

Linda frowned slightly. "Why should we do anything?"

"But it's Christmas. Let's go away somewhere."

"Oh, *no!*" Linda answered decisively. "I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

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"It's so domestic, darling, so . . . so *matrimonial*. I wouldn't think of it."

"We went away last year," objected George.

"And what a dreadful time we had!" She shuddered delicately. "Those children, that awful tree and the dinner."

"And the mistletoe," George reminded her with a glint in his eye.

"I thought at least you'd have spared me that, George," said Linda with dignity. "I don't know what happened between you and that dreadful red-haired minx . . . and I don't want to."

"There wasn't anything at all," interposed George hastily. "An' besides, I was referring to you and Captain. . . ."

"That will do, George," broke in Linda icily. "I don't wish to hear anything more. I sometimes think that you seize on any opportunity to insult your poor wife . . . and anyhow, I didn't know there was any mistletoe there."

"Wouldn't have mattered whether you did or didn't," remarked George unrepentantly.

LINDA returned to her mirror with dignity. "Let's leave it at that, George," she said with deadly courtesy. "By the way, what day is Christmas?"

"Thursday."

"Thursday? Let me see. There, now; I'd promised to dine with that nice Mr. Bellamy on Thursday."

"Who's Bellamy?"

"A man I met at the Carnadines last week, dear. Such a pathetic, lonely creature, on leave from India . . . or was it Africa? Anyhow he rather took to me. He said I was his ideal type."

It is a commonplace among the Garrys' friends that anything with two trouser legs and half an eye thinks Linda his ideal type. Linda's mop of fair hair, coupled with a perfect skin and an appealing air, go down with the *homme moyen sensuel* like "Stop-me-and-buy-ones" on the slopes of Avernus.

BESIDES, Linda has a way of inviting confidences; so, when a man emerges rather breathlessly from telling her the story of his life and finds her large eyes looking at him with mothering sympathy, he promptly blurts out that Linda is the only woman who ever understood him, and announces the fact that he is hers forever. And Linda responds at once. It's not vice: it is purely mechanical action. The only thing that saves her from getting into worse scrapes (men are so persistent, you know) is the fact that she fortunately meets a new man on the next day and forgets all about the first. Her life is therefore rather like "The-Heroes-of-All-Nations — in fortnightly parts," and among the jetsam of Linda's desk will be found numerous photographs, inscribed with the passionate handwriting of her many admirers.

George used to get rather worried at first, seemed to think he had acquired an option on Linda, which, as all his friends pointed out, was manifestly unfair, rank profiteering in fact. But experience has taught him that, whatever happens, he is invariably in the wrong, and that it is only after he has abased himself that he is permitted to receive abso-

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lution from a tearful and dishevelled Linda.

So when Linda remarked that a new and unknown man had found her his ideal type, he knew what he was in for.

"STILL — Christmas day," he said woefully. "What about your both dining with me?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do! He doesn't know you, George. In fact, I don't think he knows you even exist."

"He's bound to find out some time."

"I suppose so, but not all at once, like that. It would be a shock to him. You would spoil his evening, poor man. I'm always so sorry for these men who come home from *native* parts and have no one to cling to."

"What about me? I like Christmas," urged George.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what a helpless creature you are! Can't you go to your club and have fun with men? I'm sure you'd have a very jolly time."

"Shut for Christmas," said George gloomily.

"Well — oh, I know, what about the Foxes? They're sure to be having a party, with all those children. You like children."

"Little beasts," grunted George sourly.

"You've always said they were so jolly."

"At a distance," George amended.

"I'll ring up Herbert Fox now," said Linda helpfully.

"Oh, well. . . ."

George started for the Foxes' on Christmas night in the worst of moods. It was all very well, y'know. Linda had to have her amusements and so on, and you couldn't expect, could you, her always to go about with a poor, ignorant, commonplace chump, like George, not a really smart looking girl like Linda? Still it was Christmas. Christmas is Christmas, y'know, all the world over; at least not precisely all, but you take my meaning, and George liked festivities. Give George a paper cap and the smell of a blood orange on Christmas night, and the Schneider Cup favorite was a lame duck compared with George. Hadn't he drunk port with A Company, beer with B, rum punch with C, brandy toddy with D, and a bottle of something spumy with the transport, in Belgium on Christmas night, 1918, and been led to bed by the one sober subaltern at midnight? That was George's idea of Christmas. And here he was pushing along in the old Bentley to a children's party, when he ought to be taking a pretty girl — Linda — out to dinner.

HE ENTERED Grosvenor Square, and, submerged in a wave of melancholy, trod heavily on the accelerator. The car shot forward and George went thrice round the garden at a level 50. On the third circuit, two policemen opposite Seafield House held up large hands. George pulled up.

"Driving to the danger of the public, sir," said the first.

"Seventy-five miles an hour," remarked the second.

"You'll 'ave your license endorsed for this, sir," said the first.

"If it 'asn't been done already," the second took up with gloomy relish.

"If you 'ave one at all, that is."

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"Look here, you chaps," said George savagely. "Don't be so beastly antiphonal. If your wife had gone off to dinner with another bloke, leaving you to a children's party on Christmas night, what 'ud you do?"

"Murder," said the first policeman.

"They'd bring it in justifiable 'omicide," comforted the second.

"Then I'm justified in letting my feelings go on the gas," said George. "Now what about it? I'm a subscriber to the Police Orphanage. I tell you if you stop me tonight, there'll be a raid on the fund tomorrow. What about it?"

"Well," said the first policeman, "seeing you're in trouble like. . . ."

"And seeing that it's Christmas time," chimed in Number Two.

"Thank you very much, sir. Goodnight, sir, and a merry Christmas."

"MERRY," echoed George bitterly. He drove up to Herbert Fox's door, blowing lugubriously on the klaxon. As he drew up, the door sprang open and a flood of childhood cascaded down the steps. The seven little Foxes swarmed on to the car, shrieking, "Uncle George, Uncle Georgie, Merry Christmas, Uncle Georgie! Daddy's gone away. Mummy's gone away, an' we're so happy!"

"What's that?" cried George aghast. "Here, get off my neck, Belinda; you're strangling me. An' leave that horn alone, Dickon. An' don't switch those lights on an' off, Margaret Ann, I've told you a score of times. You'll have the police on me. An' come out of that dickey, Joyce. Now, what's all this?"

He swept the shrieking cubs in front of him up the steps. A demure parlormaid met him at the front door, and handed him a note with a hint of amusement behind her eyes. George tore it open. It was from Herbert Fox, and it ran:

Dear Old Bean:

Frightfully sorry and all that. An aunt has developed croup in Wiltshire, and Polly insists on our being in at the death. She has her eye on a walnut tallboy. So we're tottering down for the funeral bake-meats. I know you'll be a sport and look after the kids for us. See they don't overeat and be particularly careful that Sim isn't sick on the drawing-room carpet. He has a weak stomach, and I value it, the carpet, I mean. And, by the way, you won't mind subbing for me as Father Christmas, will you? I left out the rig, the hair and the spirit-gum. Markham will show you.

Yours till hell freezes,
HERBERT

"Well, I'm. . . . " Nothing save aposiopesis met the situation. He glared wildly round. The seven little Foxes were gathered in a circle about him and now broke into:

Georgy Porgy, puddin' an' pie,
Kissed the girls, an' made 'em cry.

GEORGE met Markham's sedate twinkle.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, sir. Mr. Fox said you were to have a bottle of the '64, and as much of the Krug as you . . . as you could *carry*, he *said*, sir. I've laid out the — er — things in the dressing room."

"Oh, well," muttered George. Herbert's forethought was consoling. The '64! A bottle! Almost he forgave Herbert.

"And I have a cocktail ready, sir." Markham at least was sympathetic. George met her eye, wavered, and fell.

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"Markham, you're the noblest of your sex, if not of the species. Bring out your cocktail; and if ever you're thinking of marrying, Markham, just mention it, will you? I'm a bigamist."

So reinforced, he made his way to Herbert's dressing room. On the bed lay a scarlet padded dressing gown, a white wig and a packet of false hair. Humming *Good King Wenceslas*, George shed his dress suit, and slipped into the scarlet robe. Quite a comfortable rig this, suitable for the proper appreciation of '64 port. Not at all a bad fellow, Herbert, and the kids were very jolly. Absently he tilted half the spirit gum into his palm and slapped it on his face. Of that fiery and disgusting liquid he had no prior experience. A bellow shook the house. George clawed madly at his face, then thrust it into a basin of cold water. The spirit gum stiffened into a tight mask. He groaned, and a chuckle from the landing warned him that Margaret Ann, aged eleven, was peering through the crack. He rushed across the room, slammed the door and turned the key.

The handling of false hair is an art, and George was no Clarkson. At the end of ten minutes, his face resembled the nest of some strange Arctic fowl during the ice-cracking season. One eye glared like a wild animal's in a thicket; his mouth had disappeared, but his nose gleamed like a tail-light through the foliage.

The seven little Foxes greeted his dramatic entry of the drawing-room with cold reprobation. As one child, they disapproved of dressing-up on the part of their elders; they thought it foolish, but politeness toward an honored guest forbade derision. George took a seat awkwardly, and, essaying humor, began in a falsetto voice, "I'm Father Christmas!"

"You're not," proclaimed Sim, aged four, solemnly. "You're Uncle George."

"Hush, silly," put in Joyce (*æt.* seven). "It's a pretend."

"What's Uncle George done to his face?" asked five-year-old Dickon.

"He's conjured it," from Belinda. "Can you turn it back again, Uncle George? I like your other one better."

"I hope so," said George solemnly. His private opinion, from the sensation of his skin, was that he had curried it.

The children continued to stare at him with cold unwinking eyes. George wished he had stayed at home. He felt like bursting into tears, and only the announcement of dinner prevented this breakdown. Margaret Ann insisted on taking his arm and heading the procession; but the balustrade was too much for the others, who swooped down it with shrieks and catcalls.

Flanked by Joyce and Belinda, George did not enjoy his dinner. The appetite of the little Foxes was swift and sure; the rapidity of their fork and mouth work unexampled. By the time that George had filled seven plates with turkey, Sim was passing up his plate for more. George, remembering Sim's weak stomach, refused to help him again, whereupon Sim broke into such a roar that the carver hastily capitulated, reflecting that it was better that Herbert's carpet should suffer than his guest be driven mad.

At last, able to sit down to the

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turkey's drumstick, George for the first time realized the folly of masquerade. So far as he could gather, his lips were literally sealed; the spirit gum had closed them. When, by a superhuman effort, he tore them asunder, he found that it was impossible to convey any food into his mouth without a large bonus of false hair. To hole out a piece of meat into the intended place demanded heavy niblick work in the furze bush on his face. In his misery, he seized his glass of foaming Krug (it was only later that he discovered that his glass had been used as a loving cup by the little Foxes). In ancient Rome it was the custom to add snow to your Falernian; in Queen Elizabeth's day, one ladled sugar into one's sack: George, the modern, added spirit gum. This new flavor, combined with hair and the champagne bubbles, was too much. There was an explosion. Through his agony, George could hear the shrill laughter of his small hosts.

THE rest of dinner was a rapid crescendo of ghastliness, "confused noise and garments rolled in blood." There was a *melée* during the Christmas pudding act, and the scrummage settled over Dickon's plate when it was found that he had secured two threepenny bits in his share. Dessert resembled a noisy day in the Salient. Carlsbad plums, crystallized apricots, figs, hummed through the air. An orange spread its grisly entrails on the mirror above the mantelpiece. A melon, ricocheting off the wall, was skilfully fielded by George in his one available eye; and while he was trying to brush the pips from his beard, he heard the unmistakable signal, the minute gun at sea, of little Sim casting all before him beneath the table.

"Markham!" shrieked George. "Markham!" Like Lord Byron, when confronted with the Leigh Hunt family, he felt a clinging sympathy with King Herod. "Take 'em away. Take 'em upstairs — and don't let 'em have anything they can throw."

HE SANK back in his chair. Markham shepherded the children out, and, returning, placed a decanter reverently before him. The '64! Ah! Then he remembered his beard.

"Oh, and Markham, if there is such a thing as a straw in the house, I'll borrow it. Tantalus didn't know the meaning of the word parched. And how Father Christmas got his nose that color is beyond me."

Solemnly sucking, George gloomily meditated on his position. Above his head, little feet thundered to and fro with angels' tread that threatened to bring down the ceiling. He thought morbidly of his wasted life. He ought by rights to be dancing with Linda, the fair, lovely, long-legged Linda, his wife, swaying in perfect harmony to the plaintive lay of the saxophone: and here he was, hot, dirty, miserable, sucking port through a straw amid the wreckage of the Foxes' dining room. Linda was in the arms of one Bellamy. He imagined a tall, seductive, subtle, exotic creature, dark — "all handsome men are slightly sunburnt"; George invariably went scarlet in the sun, and his nose peeled — Bellamy was dancing backward and forward with Linda, looking unutterable things, saying them, too, no

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doubt. And Linda would be listening with that soft, greedy smile of hers. The demons of jealousy assailed poor George. He went down into the pit. The port was nearly finished. He poured out the last glass, and sniffed it luxuriously. By Jove, what stuff it was, stuff for heroes! The blood of the old Garrys warmed in him. Not thus had they wassailed in days of yore. Linda must be borne off at the saddle bow, by gum! An idea came to him; as he meditatively pumped up the bottom of his glass, a plan matured. He strode to the door. The tumult and the shouting were still at their height as he entered the drawing-room. The little Foxes turned and made for him in a yelling mob.

"Hush!" shouted George, waving his arms. "Children, have you ever been at a night club?"

"No!" they shrieked, tugging at his arms, his skirts, his legs.

"Then, you shall." Little Sim perched on his shoulder, the new St. Christopher strode down the stairs, the pack howling in his wake, out to the waiting Bentley.

LINDA was not enjoying herself. As she gazed round the Casca, the dance club to which she and George belonged, she reflected that Mr. Bellamy was a mistake; yes, a definite mistake. At the Carnadines, he had appeared so calm, so self-effacing, just the type to make an admirable *cavaliére servente*, and being due to return to India — or was it Africa? — at the end of his leave, not likely to be unduly complicating. But this appearance had been deceitful; Mr. Bellamy had been deceitful, Linda concluded. It was a very different person who had called for her in a large and handsome coupé to take her out to dinner that night. Almost from the moment she was seated beside him, Mr. Bellamy had begun to make passes at her. It was fortunate that a cautioning by a policeman at Hyde Park Corner had condemned her host to concentrate on the wheel. She hardly dared tremble to the brink of imagining what would otherwise have happened.

THEY had dined at the Polyanthus, a cheerful joint, where the tables are so closely placed together that any overt or indiscreet demonstration of affection communicates itself not only to one's neighbors, but through them to the next, and so on round the room, until the whole place seems to be rocking to *The Spring Song*. Ecstasy is therefore discouraged. This phenomenon had not, however, deterred Mr. Bellamy from declaring his passion. Owing to the fact that everyone else was talking, he had had to raise his ardent, urgent voice above its normal pitch; and, in one awful pause, when all the other diners had simultaneously turned to their plates, he was heard declaiming in a voice hoarse with emotion, "The Venus Callipyge has nothing on you." Linda almost fainted with horror.

Since then he had remorselessly been pressing Linda to fly with him to the remote part of the world where he insisted he was a kind of uncrowned king. In Africa — or was it India? Linda couldn't remember. She looked pathetically at him, and said that nothing would please her better; but — there were impediments.

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"Impediments?" challenged Mr. Bellamy hotly. "Show them to me! Is it a man? No living man shall stand between me and the woman I love!"

"Not exactly a man," said Linda looking down shyly. "Only my *couturier!*"

"You won't need a tailor in my country," declared Mr. Bellamy romantically. "My silkworms shall spin for you."

Since then he had been plying Linda with petitions, and, as she afterwards admitted, had become almost uncontrollable — "even for me, dear."

FROM the Polyanthus she had taken him to the Casca, and they had danced. "I don't know where he learned his steps; in India, I suppose, — or was it Africa? — positively *tribal*, I assure you." She realized that this evening Mr. Bellamy intended to stick to her closer than a sick kitten to a hot brick, and how she was going to shed him she had no idea. Regretfully she hankered for the calm, prosaic stolidity of George, who would look down and mutter a rapturous "Darling!" as if he meant it, instead of bursting into explosive torrents of completely unintelligible laudations of her figure and other parts of her anatomy with a lack of self-consciousness that positively made her blush.

The band broke out once more, and Linda, resolute to endure further mangling of her feet and frock rather than suffer Mr. Bellamy's ardors a moment longer, rose to her feet. The music had got no further than the sixth bar, when a hubbub at the door interrupted the performers. The saxophone died away in a broken wheeze, and beyond it she could hear the *commissionnaire* saying:

"But evenin' dress is a rule of the club, Mr. Garry."

"Evening dress all right!" retorted George, tearing open the front of Herbert Fox's splendid scarlet silk dressing-gown. "'Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done.' Is that a boiled shirt, or isn't it?"

The *commissionnaire* eyed it doubtfully.

"I'd rather not say what it 'ad been, Mr. Garry. I ain't a professor. Something from old Was-it-hot-stuff's tomb, I should guess."

Linda swung out of Mr. Bellamy's circumambient arms.

"George!" she cried.

"Coming, darling!"

"What have you got there? And, George," she added faintly, "what on earth have you grown on your face?"

"Mistletoe," replied George briefly. "I've brought some guests." He stood aside revealing Margaret Ann, Belinda, Donald, Joyce, Gladys and Dickon.

"What!" Linda stood horror-struck. Unabashed, the six little Foxes stood grinning from ear to ear.

LINDA gave a faint scream, turned and met the inflamed countenance of Mr. Bellamy.

"So this is the impediment!" he hissed. "Oh, woman, cursed woman! I might have known! Five, by heaven, five — or is it six? And I would have laid a continent at your tiny feet!"

But George had caught hold of Margaret Ann.

"That's your man," he whispered. "Speak up! Remember, it's half-a-

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crown apiece, and five bob for yourself!"

He had no need to thrust Margaret Ann forward. With a shriek of "Daddy! Daddy!" she plunged at Mr. Bellamy. Blenching, the unhappy man retreated to a couch. It was useless. Raising the pæan, the little Foxes sprang upon him and he disappeared beneath a wave of active childhood.

"Now then," cried George, "no rough house, kids; you aren't at home now!"

"So this, Mr. Bellamy," said Linda with steely dignity, "is your mode of life!"

Bellamy sat up and wiped his forehead.

"It's a dream," he whispered, "a horrible dream. I never had all those. Six is it — or eight — or seven? Stand still a minute, you little imps, till I can count you."

"Only six here," George encouraged him. "Little Sim, the seventh, is inclined to be sick, so I left him downstairs in your coupé. I think he's had more than is good for him. I've left a note of the address where their mother lives, with the doorkeeper. So I'll leave you to it, and I hope you're properly contrite."

"Good night, Mr. Bellamy," said Linda with a cold bow. "I hope this will be a lesson to you. Come, George!"

On Father Christmas's arm, she swept from the Casca.

"Oh, George!" she murmured, as she snuggled down in the car. "I was never so relieved to see anyone in my life as you tonight. That dreadful man! I feel positively undressed. . . . You may kiss me, George. . . . Oh, *don't* . . . I forgot your beard!"

"Tear it off," said George manfully. "Ouch . . . ouch . . . ow . . . . OW. . . . Whew! next time I'll be the hind legs of the dragon. . . . By Jove, Linda, you do look too wonderful. . . . Darling!"

"Darling!" said Linda comfortably, settling down in the crook of George's arm. "I do like a nice, solid, plain-spoken man."

She purred softly, and promptly fell asleep.

The two policemen in Grosvenor Square noticed the elderly Bentley sliding gently past Seafield House. A snatch of song drifted to their ears.

"That's 'im," said one.

"'E's caught 'er all right, seemingly," said the other, pointing to Linda's fair head on George's shoulder.

"'Ope 'e ain't murdered 'er," said the first.

"Given 'er a good 'iding, more likely," returned the second. "'E seems 'appy enough. Lord! that old song — takes yer back a bit, don't it?"

For George was crooning to himself:

Après la guerre fini
Tous les soldats partis,
Mademoiselle — I mean Bellamy — avec
piccanini,
Souvenir des Anglais.

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Lobbyists Extraordinary

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Brief sketches of some outstanding figures among the special pleaders of Capitol Hill, whose activities have been under Senatorial investigation

"The protective tariff is next to my religion." When he confided this to Senator Caraway and his fellow Senatorial inquisitors, "Jo" Grundy must have been telling the truth. For he has been lobbying for the tariff ever since 1897, when Tom Walsh was an unknown country lawyer in the frontier State of Montana. Vice President of the American Tariff League, and President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, Jo Grundy is proud of his achievements as a lobbyist. Make no mistake about that. For thirty-two years Grundy has had a hand in all tariff legislation, and back of his list of "preferred" and "common" Senators lie data obtained from a generation of tariff manipulation.

If from the small army of special pleaders entrenched about Capitol Hill you were asked to pick out a few typical lobbyists, you would do well to place Jo Grundy at the head of the portrait gallery. He has something to sell — namely, the idea of protection, and he is a good salesman, as every successful lobbyist must be. Break down the protective tariff, he says, and ruin will face the American people. "How can they be saved?" Only by electing Republicans to public office, he replies. What is more, he backs up his words with dollars. He admits contributing $700,000 out of his own pocket to the Republican campaign in 1924, and $400,000 last year. There is the spirit of the true believer! A Pennsylvania Quaker, there is nothing of the Quaker about him in the way he fights for protection.

Grundy is typical of the lobbyists who operate in Washington the year around. When he beards a Senator in his den, he travels under no false colors. His mission is not a secret one. Crammed full of the history, theory and practice of protection, he knows his stuff, like every other good lobbyist.

Not even Reed Smoot is as steeped in the lore of protection. Grundy likes Washington so much that he neglects his own business to preach the gospel for months at a time in the capital. He may find his reward in heaven, but these thirty years past, we suspect, he has drawn

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some of his royalties in advance. A woolen manufacturer, with a private fortune estimated at $20,000,000, he has no cause for complaint against the existing tariff order. He is an efficiency expert who has made lobbying pay.

While Caraway, Walsh, and their colleagues have been hauling tariff lobbyists over the carpet, the farm lobby in Washington has by no means lapsed into senescence. No capital lobby in recent years has been better organized than that which has been demanding special favors for agriculture, or if you prefer to use a linguistic soft pedal, legislation to bring agriculture up to a parity with industry. When the McNary-Haugen bill was before Congress, the farm organizations sent to Washington a squad of high-powered salesmen and go-getters, who, armed with plenipotentiary powers, snapped the whip savagely over the heads of every Senator and Congressman from the corn belt. For months, no legislator from the corn belt could call his soul his own. As it turned out, the bill did not become law, and, with the Hoover Administration's approval, Congress passed the agricultural marketing act, under which the new Farm Board has been set up. The camp fires of the corn belt, nevertheless, are still burning brightly in the nation's capital.

Chester Gray of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and Fred Brinkmann of the National Grange, may be cited as typical of the group of special pleaders who stand guard over the farmers' interests in the capital. Experienced promoters and organizers, they draw good salaries. The farmers' men have been particularly busy during the tariff fight, and just as aggressive as of old. What is more, the farm lobby conducts its campaign along rather original lines; not only have they asked for higher rates on agricultural products, but they have gone further than this in fighting tooth and nail the demands of Grundy and Eastern industrialists for higher duties on the industrial schedules. Most lobbyists, on the contrary, take pains not to poach on the preserves of another lobbyist. One of the few counterparts of this rather unusual spectacle is the fight over national defense between the pacifists and churchmen, and the patriotic organizations.

The lobbyists who cracked the whip over Congress during the McNary-Haugen era have for the most part called it a day. They played the rôle of pinch hitters and emergency drop kickers. Where it could effectively make use of their talents, the Farm Board has tried to place them in the new coöperative organizations it is establishing. A case in point is William H. Settle, of Indiana, one of the most effective whip crackers of the McNary-Haugen days. Settle has just been named a member of the executive committee of the new Farmers' National Grain Corporation, a ten million dollar concern. Though the pinch hitters may have left, the farm lobby remains in Washington, as a well-organized, active group, and it will be heard from again.

"Moral crusaders" can boast in their ranks some of the capital's most effective performers. The objective laid down may not always be measured in cash returns for the group

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which puts up the retainer. Churches have for years maintained lobbies in Washington, in charge of experienced professionals. Two organizations may be cited as typical, the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Both derive their sustenance and backing from American Protestants. One, as its name implies, is an agency of the Methodist Church, and the second has a strong Methodist flavor.

A MORE appropriate name for the first would be the "Board for the Universal Enforcement of Methodist Morals." At least, that tells better what it is trying to do. The Board has its headquarters in the palatial Methodist Building overlooking the Capitol. When you speak of the Methodist Board, you think first of its executive secretary, Dr. Clarence True Wilson. Years ago Wilson was a preacher; today he is an outstanding example of the parson turned politician. After his long years as combatant in the arena of national politics, a Methodist pulpit, if we read him rightly, would seem pretty tame. The champagne of life would have lost its bouquet. For he loves the thrill of a moral crusader's life in the national capital.

In 1906, Wilson became President of the Oregon Anti-Saloon League. Four years later he was made general secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As a matter of fact, Wilson was at that time really the Society, for it was then little more than an idea. An active-minded reformer, with a flair for oratory, Wilson sallied forth valiantly to merchandise his idea in the highways and byways of the land. He spoke constantly, selling books to pay his expenses, and at odd moments circulated thousands of temperance leaflets on the streets. He made good, and in 1910, when the time came for appointing a general secretary for the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, he was the logical choice. It was a case where the job fitted the man and *vice versa*. He was the driving force behind the erection of the Methodist Building on Capitol Hill — an eloquent witness of the power of the Third House.

WILSON does not have to do much direct lobbying. That is, he does not make a regular appearance before Congressional committees, nor does he do much buttonholing of Congressmen in the corridors outside the Senate and House chambers. His strategy is cast in a more Olympian mold and the machinery he can set in motion is correspondingly broad in its dimensions. Wilson issues *ex cathedra* pronunciamentos from time to time when he thinks the American people stand on the precipice that looks down into the bottomless pit of destruction. Methodist preachers and their flocks through the country give him the ammunition he needs to bring the enemy to terms.

A Congressman off the reservation on prohibition, for example, will find that the Methodist ministers in his district are telling their charges of his sins, by implication if not directly. The Board's Washington office is well organized, with com-

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plete data on the work of the national legislature and the record of its individual members. Except his finger prints, the Board can supply every fact about a Congressman to its constituents. And it does so with pleasure. The Board claims to be the originator of the "clip sheet." Its *Clip Sheet*, now copied by a number of other organizations, goes to about 8,000 newspapers, editors and others. Under the efficient editorship of Deets Pickett, the *Clip Sheet* has proved an effective vehicle of Methodist views on political questions. In guarding the morals of the American people, the Board spends over $100,000 a year.

YET Clarence True Wilson is not without critics in his own household. Not all Methodists believe the Board under his direction is advancing the cause of true religion by invading the field of politics. Wilson furthermore stubbed his toe not long ago when he published a magazine article urging that the marines be called out to enforce prohibition. That rubbed his fellow Methodists in the Anti-Saloon League the wrong way, for this group fears that any such criticism as Wilson voiced might be construed as a confession that prohibition has failed. So it is that rumors are afloat that the next General Conference of the church will see a move to oust Wilson. He shows, however, no signs of worry. As custodian and interpreter of Methodist morals, Wilson has been in Washington long enough to realize that not every storm that brews on the horizon carries with it a thunderbolt of destruction.

Like those of the Methodist Board, Washington employees of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America object to being called "lobbyists." "Oh, no, we are not lobbyists, of course," they tell you with a pious shrug of the shoulders, as if to say what a terrible thing it is to be classified in the same category with Jo Grundy! The facts, however, speak otherwise. For the Federal Council frequently turns from religion to politics. Peace is its great objective, and prohibition is another of its responsibilities.

THE Council took the warpath against former President Coolidge when, with Secretary Wilbur, he proposed a replacement programme for the Navy of seventy-one ships. The Commission on Peace and Arbitration of the Council set under way a nation-wide educational campaign, and issued letters to 75,000 pastors with a brief leaflet "setting forth the facts and moral implications of the building programme." A flood of letters and telegrams descended forthwith on Congress, though other organizations than the Council helped in sinking the ships which Coolidge and Wilbur wanted to build. Those in charge of the Council can use political methods as effectively as the most expert party managers. They supported the Washington Arms Conference, for example, by getting 13,878,671 names signed to letters, telegrams and petitions sent to Washington. These figures tell us not a little about the potential political power of the Council.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell now heads the organization. The representation of the Protestant churches on the Council is in proportion to the

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membership of each church, an arrangement which gives the Methodists a goodly share of the seats of power. The executive committee, made up of clergymen in and near New York, meet in that city from time to time, and the executive committee really shapes the policies of the Council, and determines when and how it is to act politically. The Council maintains a Washington office, in charge of the Rev. W. L. Darby, a Presbyterian minister. He knows the ropes of the national capital as an outsider can not hope to know them. His headquarters are located down town, for the Council has shown no desire as yet to join the shock troops of the Methodist Board and the Anti-Saloon League, entrenched on Capitol Hill.

THE late Wayne B. Wheeler was the tsar of lobbyists, and the Anti-Saloon League the Colossus that dominated the lobby world of his day. Wheeler controlled his cohorts as skilfully as any general does his troops on the battlefield. Francis Scott McBride, a go-getter like his predecessor, has inherited Wheeler's job, but conditions are different. For one thing, the prohibition amendment is in the Constitution, though the United States is not yet a Sahara. But McBride has to hold the ground already won, and prove that the election of Herbert Hoover, the Dry candidate, was really a triumph for the Drys. Without the nervous dynamite that made Wheeler's name a terror among wet Congressmen, and without his predecessor's versatility, McBride nevertheless has won his spurs as an administrator, and his promotion as *generalissimo* of the Dry forces is a deserved one. McBride lacks something of Wheeler's crusading fire, but then the need for that fire is not perhaps so great as it was. McBride keeps close tabs on Drys in Congress, and he coördinates the efforts of church people throughout the country in keeping enforcement sentiment at a high pitch. His mission, as McBride sees it, is to arouse and organize sentiment for or against men and legislation. He too has his eye on Congressional scalps. From his office in the Bliss Building he can see a few hundred yards away the Dome of the Capitol — the great score-board of the Prohibitionists. McBride supplements the work, and strengthens the guard maintained on the further side of the Capitol by that other watch dog over the morals of the American people, Clarence True Wilson.

AMERICAN veterans of the World War have as their official lobbyist John Thomas Taylor, the vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee of the American Legion. Committee members may change from year to year, but Taylor has been a fixture in the office for a decade. He is a lobbyist, admits so frankly, and is proud of it. A lawyer, and a lieutenant-colonel during the World War, his military title still sticks. He has known intimately these ten years past leaders in both the legislative and executive branches of the Government. Autographed pictures of notables of our day stare at you from the walls of his office. As much as any other individual, Taylor was responsible for winning the Legion's bonus fight over the protests of Calvin Coolidge, Andrew

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Mellon, Wall Street and the Chamber of Commerce. A seasoned campaigner, he gets a good deal more fun out of his profession than the average lobbyist.

TAYLOR is one of the most aggressive members of the craft, and a likeable chap withal. With a soldier's directness he goes out after his objective, and he and his fellow Legionnaires have not forgotten the efficiency lessons they learned in the A. E. F. in France. The commander of an army corps deals directly with his division commanders, and Taylor, in the same way, deals directly with what he calls the key men in Congress. He wastes little time with the rank and file, knowing through long experience that if you control key men on a given proposition the rest are pretty sure to follow as sheep do their leader. He has, of course, one great advantage, namely the cause for which he pleads. Most Congressmen have a warm spot in their hearts for our World War soldiers and sailors, and when Taylor goes on the warpath it is nearly always in behalf of some piece of veterans legislation.

Taylor gets busy as soon as the Legion, in national convention, endorses a particular project. As often as not, the bill is actually drafted in his office. In introducing it in Congress, he makes use of his key men — Legionnaires as a rule. Taylor goes to Chairman X or Y, explains to him what the bill is, what its object is, and why the Legion wants it placed on the statute books. After the arrangements are made with committee chairmen, Taylor sees other leaders of the Senate and House, to facilitate a speedy working of what at times may be cumbrous legislative machinery. During hearings, Taylor appears before the committee as a special pleader. That is not all, however. Back of him is an organization of 11,000 individual posts. When necessary Legion officers in various States will send their own pleaders to Washington, to reinforce and supplement Taylor's arguments. If here and there a Congressman proves recalcitrant, Taylor sends out word to Legionnaires and their friends in the Congressman's district to start a back fire.

To put it in another way, Taylor, like any good military commander, calls in his reserves when the enemy develops unexpected opposition. Nor does he waste his time in threats and intimidations against individual Congressmen.

THIS does not tell the whole story. The Senator or Congressman piloting a Legion bill on the floor of the chamber may need coaching. Taylor provides this, keeping his man well posted with facts and figures bearing upon the particular issue on hand. When the House or Senate is debating a Legion bill, Taylor will be found either in the galleries or in the corridors, ready to tackle hostile Congressmen, or injecting the oxygen of verbal encouragement into the lungs of the faltering or weakening. Actual leg work — and this is not apt to be a Congressman's strong suit — has been a factor in Taylor's success. When the House passes a bill sponsored by the Legion, Taylor accompanies it to the enrolling clerk's office, and escorts the Congressional messengers as they take it

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over to the Senate, and there, among his Senate friends, resumes the same methods of direct action. Taylor's record is an impressive one. Some 460 bills affecting veterans are now on the statute books, and he has had a hand in nearly all of them.

Militant champion of the ex-service man, arch foe of Pacifism, and exponent of Rooseveltian Americanism, Taylor finds naturally enough his polar opposite in Frederick J. Libby, the professional propagandist of Pacifism. The personalities of the two men are as different as the two schools of thought they represent. Taylor bristles with pugnacity, and with the punch-you-in-the-nose spirit. Libby on the other hand is meek as a lamb, a rather quiet and inoffensive looking chap, the type of the Sunday school teacher rather than the lobbyist. One wonders, indeed, how he ever found his way into the rough-and-tumble playing fields of capital politics.

A Congregational minister by profession, Libby became a Quaker in 1918. When the National Council for the Prevention of War was organized, Libby was elected its executive secretary, and he has directed its propaganda ever since. Libby attacks the Army and Navy in frontal assault, and he tries to turn their flanks. He has fought Defense Day, the "Big Navy" bill, Citizens' Military Camps, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, appropriations for the Army and Navy and so forth. He takes a fling from time to time at the Administration's policy in Nicaragua, China and Mexico. If President Hoover negotiates a naval parity agreement with Great Britain, Libby will doubtless take off his coat and go to work to try to prevent us from building enough ships to keep up our end of the agreement. Libby claims credit for defeating the Coolidge-Wilbur seventy-one ship programme, but he must share his laurels with others.

Libby does not often in person invade the precincts of Capitol Hill. Perhaps he acts wisely, for he is in no particular favor among members of Congress. Speeches and addresses, the Bulletin of the National Council for the Prevention of War, and propaganda work among church members — these are the methods Libby uses to get his Pacifist views in circulation. He runs his business on a five and ten cent scale. It is volume that he seems to be after. Last year he sent out 2,000,000 pieces of Pacifist literature. It only costs a two cent stamp to write to a Congressman or the President, and Libby figures that if he gets enough of his leaflets and other literature out, his propaganda will eventually have some effect on Congress and the Administration. He seems to have plenty of money, and a hearing before the Senate Military Affairs Committee in 1926 brought out the fact that organizations affiliated with the National Council for the Prevention of War had received aid from the Garland Fund. In 1918, he spent $150,000, and he is now seeking from Pacifists $200,000, for his next year's budget. The $2,000 a month which Grundy has been spending seems modest in comparison. It almost makes him out a piker.

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Progressive South America

By Agnes Rothery

An Invitation to New Travel Routes

Forty or even twenty years ago when people travelled to South America they expected to have a hard time of it, and they did. Business men who were forced to go to Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires found that the quickest and least expensive way was to take a steamer from New York to Liverpool and thence change for one bound to their destination. To get to Peru and Chile it was necessary to pitch and toss around the Horn or through the Straits of Magellan for several months. And when one finally arrived at either the East Coast or the West there were practically no railways and no hotels fit to be so designated. The only way to get from point to point was by river raft or donkey back, and the adventurous traveller took his choice of freezing in the Andes or roasting in the jungles.

Nearly all the travel books at which adults nibble for pleasure were written during this period, and apparently most of the geographies which children are forced to digest for educational nourishment. There is another even more deliberate factor strengthening the layman's belief in this particular set of fallacies. Just as book reviewing has ceased to be an attempt to give the reader any idea of the book reviewed, but serves principally as a vehicle for the epigrams of the critic, so the perpetrators of travelogues, both written and spoken, do not measure their box receipts upon the truth imparted about a country or a culture, but upon their own hair-raising exploits in it. These lush recorders pile, not Ossa upon Pelion, but Aconcagua upon Illimani, and then, according to their excited accounts, scale them both.

It happens that South America has changed in the sixteen years since the Panama Canal was opened. It has, perhaps, changed more than any other continent. And it is for that reason infinitely more fascinating than it ever was. The frequent and commodious steamers of the Grace, Furness-Prince, Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Lamport and Holt, and Munson lines that ply between New York and all the principal South American ports are in amazing contrast to the undependable little vessels which were once the only coastwise communication.

And he whose imagination is not stirred by the sight of an airplane

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sailing over peaks where once only the condor had the right of way, or by the sound of one passing over villages whose isolated inhabitants have never in their lives seen even a wheel before — all burdens being transported by llama and donkey and the human back — his soul is as dead as that unfortunate man who never to himself has said the too familiar quotation!

THE people of South America, not having been forced to witness the experimental stage of flying, but having received the giant bird fully fledged, so to speak, accepted it as naturally as the modern child accepts the automobile. The Pan-American Grace Airways, which serves the West coast by air as well as by water, estimates that seventy-five per cent of its airplane passengers are South Americans. Certain parts of this vast continent have never been reached by railway, or even by a road, and the airplane now does in a few hours what formerly took weeks. Santiago de Chile is now ten days from New York by air as against twenty-one days by water. The Congressman from Iquitos, in Peru, reaches his congressional session in Lima in three days, whereas until New Year's Day, 1928, which inaugurated the first passenger air service between these points, he had to reckon on six weeks of discomfort and uncertainty. Mail from Buenos Aires can be sent to Montevideo and the answer received back in the same day. It is highly exciting to have Colonel Lindbergh discover ruined cities in the jungles of Central America. It is equally exciting for new cities thus to discover each other.

Neither do these miraculously improved facilities of transportation by water and air tell the whole story of the change in our neighbor to the South. The railroads are not only constantly extending, but constantly improving. Nearly everyone knows of the stupendous engineering feats which have been accomplished on the Oroya Railroad, the highest on the globe, rising 5,000 feet in the first forty-six miles, to 14,200 at its destination, burrowing through sixty-three tunnels and skirting chasms 600 feet across. The Southern Railway of Peru, across the Desert of Islay, the Guayaquil-Quito Line of Ecuador, mounting more than 9,000 feet above sea level, the São Paulo-Santos Line in Brazil — these are ranked among the engineering marvels of the world. Most people do know this. But comparatively few realize that these trains are also remarkable from the point of view of passenger comfort. The night travel is better than our own, for the indecorous Pullman berth is unknown, and all the night trains are compartment coaches. The dining cars are also better than our own.

WHEN Professor Hiram Bingham, now Senator Bingham, discovered the city of Machu Picchu in 1912, this glorious Inca citadel, built of white granite and comparing in architectural value with the Pyramids, was in the most inaccessible part of the Andes. Professor Bingham and his party had to push their way through snow storms on donkey back, trust themselves to bridges similar to the one in San Luis Rey, sleep on the ground, and sustain themselves as well as they could

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with frozen meat and questionable *chupe*. The traveller of today goes to Machu Picchu by autocarril. An autocarril is an automobile whose wheels are fitted to a narrow gauge railway track. It is probably the most comfortable way to take a railway trip ever devised by human ingenuity. One settles down, with the top of the car up or down as he pleases, goes as fast or as slow as he wants and stops whenever the fancy takes him. The trip from Cuzco to Machu Picchu is an easy eight hours, with two hours out for a five course luncheon at Ollantaytambo.

A RECENT writer in one of the women's magazines in describing his trip to Machu Picchu implied that he forced his perilous way through the terrific dangers first of the frigid and then of the torrid zone. To be sure, when E. G. Squier took the trip as far as Ollantaytambo and wrote one of the best descriptions of that region that has ever been printed, the actual conditions of travel were full of discomfort and even danger. But Squier's classic appeared in 1877 — more than half a century ago. There is only one way to get to Machu Picchu today — and that is in perfect ease by autocarril.

Misunderstanding of the actual present-day conditions in South America extends to the field of quite rudimentary information. Our average citizen is quite complacent in his conviction that South America is an amorphous mass of small, half-civilized countries, chiefly tenanted by monkeys, Negroes and boa constrictors. It has never occurred to him that there is more difference between temperate Argentina and tropical Brazil than between Labrador and Florida — more, since the Argentinians and the Brazilians do not speak the same language. In fact, there is more difference between the speech and customs of Argentina and Chile than between those of Canada and the United States.

It is true that in the United States we are further advanced along certain lines than the South American Republics. We have had forty-three years head start over them in constitutional government. But if we compare Latin America with ourselves as we were half a century ago, we will be forced to admit that she has made rapid progress.

Too many of our writers — both the superficially political ones and the unpleasantly humorous ones — have also been prejudiced when they made a hasty tour through the different countries of South America without even knowing the language, and perhaps never once stepping inside a private home. The countries of South America resent this attitude. And no one should be quicker than we to admit that our relations — economic as well as social — can never attain their most advantageous development when one side is patronizing and the other is irritated.

TO ELUCIDATE the subtle points of a better understanding between North and South America books have been written by the ton and speeches made by the hour. One of the best, by the way, is Clarence H. Haring's *South America Looks at the United States*. Much of the matter is not in the realm of politics but in the realm of manners. And the faulty manners are all on our side, both when we

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tramp with vociferous wise cracks over these countries, and when we unceremoniously jostle the inhabitants on our streets and in our hotels when they come to visit our shores.

Perhaps North Americans are at last ready to grasp the fact that South America is not a congeries of unsettled states, but a continent divided into vast and progressive countries — Chile, whose length would reach from New York City to San Francisco and extend fifty miles into the Pacific — Argentina, whose coast line is as long as from Key West, Florida, to Halifax, N. S. — Brazil, 200,000 square miles larger than the forty-eight United States. And these giant republics, as well as the smaller ones, have aspirations and achievements as noble as our own.

Such statesmen as Lord Grey, Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt put themselves on record, long ago, as believing that while the Nineteenth Century has been the century of the United States, so the Twentieth would be the century of South America.

Doubtless it is inconsistent to invite travellers who now put in their holiday time swarming up and down the accustomed routes of Europe, to direct their attention to a continent one of whose charms is that few tourists as yet intrude upon it. But possibly such intrusion would be compensated for by an increase in sympathetic understanding.

The best way to know about South America is to go there. The standard books of forty years ago are almost as obsolete as those of four hundred years ago when they come to describing present-day conditions. And the modern travel books — humorous, adventurous or journalistic — are all too boldly taking advantage of the old Spanish proverb that lies told to the heathen are not recorded in Heaven.

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The Challenge of the Aged

By Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr.

The United States alone among the great nations neglects its superannuated workers, and this at the very time when our industrial pace is throwing greater numbers of them out of work

The United States, richest and most prosperous nation in the world, stands with China, India, and Mexico as one of the few civilized Governments that continue to ignore the fate of their aged citizens in needy circumstances.

Our existing system of caring for our aged and destitute men and women is inefficient, extravagant and, worse still, inhumane. Every State in the Union, with the exception of New Mexico, has almshouses for the poor, and in most of the States these institutions are under county supervision. Here aged needy American fathers and mothers are thrown in with feeble-minded, epileptics, drunkards and diseased inmates until released by death.

This antiquated method of dealing with our aged poor is a disgrace to the country and to humanity and should be condemned by public opinion as a tragic indictment of our vaunted prosperity and civilization.

The proponents of various plans of old age pensions are generally agreed on two fundamental principles: first, that the Government, whether State or Federal, owes a moral obligation to provide financial assistance for the worthy aged poor; and, second, that it is preferable to maintain the aged poor in their own homes or in those of their families or friends rather than to commit them to poorhouses. The exception to this proposal for home aid is that the blinded, crippled, diseased and insane should be sent to State institutions specifically designed to care for these unfortunates and where they would receive better attention and medical treatment than at home.

The United States Department of Labor, in a report made in 1925 after an investigation of 2,183 almshouses throughout the United States, which represent 93 per cent of the total, found that there were 85,889 inmates over the age of sixty-five. The total maintenance cost of these almshouses amounted to $28,740,535 annually, which represented a *per capita* investment of $1,752.09 and a food maintenance of $439.76 for each inmate. As to how the money was spent, it was disclosed that 32 per cent went for administration expense,

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38 per cent for operation of plant, while 30 per cent went for maintenance of the inmates. In other words, according to a statement made by William I. Sirovich of New York in the House of Representatives, out of every dollar contributed to the almshouses 70 cents went for administrative and operative expense — the so-called overhead — while only 30 cents went directly for the old fathers and mothers. From the figures given above it is obvious that at least three times as many aged poor could be maintained at home on $20 a month as in a county almshouse.

Back in 1914, as a member of the New York Assembly, I voted for the Widows' Pension Bill, which was enacted into law and which has admittedly worked out satisfactorily. The same principle should hold good for pensions for the aged. The poorhouse is no better than the orphanage, and the home is as much the natural and appropriate place for healthy aged men and women as for healthy boys and girls.

In the last session of Congress I introduced a resolution to create a committee of five members of the House of Representatives to be appointed by the Speaker for the purpose of obtaining the facts upon which to consider sound, economical and constructive legislation in order to provide some form of security for our aged and worthy poor in the evening of their lives. During the regular session of Congress I propose to reintroduce the same resolution and to seek an immediate hearing from the Committee on Rules where it was held up last spring.

I know that the sound common sense and fairness of the American people will demand the enactment of a modern system of old age pensions as soon as the actual facts are made public. Old age pension laws are bound to be adopted throughout the United States in the next ten years. The only big question to be settled is whether these laws should be State or Federal enactments, or by joint action of both.

The complacent man of means sometimes fails to appreciate that the wage earner is likely to be thrown out on the industrial scrap heap after he reaches his fiftieth birthday, whereas in business, the professions and politics men often do their best work between fifty and sixty, having the advantage of mature judgment and ripened experience. But, due to the high-pressure and super-efficiency methods of our industrial plants, the age line for employment of skilled and unskilled labor is being steadily lowered, and the wage earner of fifty is unable to keep pace with younger competitors. This is, perhaps, a problem that industry itself can not solve without disastrously slackening its present pace. And if age in many social strata can no longer be industrially productive, there is no alternative but prompt social legislation. For we can not tolerate the tragic paradox in the United States that our elders are left behind and forgotten, to worry and suffer the humiliations of poverty in their declining years. Millions of American men and women with families to support are actually earning wages insufficient to maintain our high American standard of

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living, and consequently are totally unable to save funds in order to provide security for their old age.

The State of New York has recently undertaken a survey into the problem of Old Age Security which includes the employment of the middle aged. These people are finding it more and more difficult to get and keep jobs. For instance, a New York employment bureau reports that of 5,800 men between 40 and 55 years registering, only 200 were able to get employment. Some plants refused to take on workers over 40 years of age. There is no excuse for trying to dodge this real problem or for being blinded to the fact that it is steadily growing and causing acute suffering among healthy Americans who desire employment. This waste of man power shows a weakness in our economic structure which should be carefully and intelligently investigated for the purpose of fitting the middle aged into appropriate positions. After all, the only excuse for a job, a business, or for the entire economic fabric, is that it helps to build happier homes and a contented nation.

A STUDY of the problem would not be constructive or serve a useful purpose if it concluded simply with a recommendation that it would be wise and in the public interest to establish a system of old age pensions, without specifying what particular kind of pensions are best suited to the needs of our aged poor consistent with our dual form of government. I have no hesitation in urging the Canadian system, where the Federal Government pays half and the Provinces and municipalities share the remaining half. Each pensioner in Canada receives $20 a month, or a total of $240 a year. The age limit in Canada is 70 years, and any income above $125 is deducted from the pension allowed, which reduces the average pension paid to approximately $18.50 a month. Such a system is fair and equitable and easily administered.

IN THE United States, due to the limitations in the Constitution, it is debatable whether the Government at Washington has the power, provided it has the desire, to appropriate funds from the Federal Treasury as partial contribution to a system of State and Federal pensions for our aged poor. If such a system could be established under the Constitution, there is little doubt that uniform State laws would be adopted immediately.

Some ten States have already enacted pension laws without Government aid, and from that I would infer that a contribution of one-third of the cost by the Federal Government would be exceedingly welcome and liberal. In a uniform law where the Government contributed one-third the cost of the pension, the State would likewise contribute one-third and the county or city the remaining one-third for its own pensioners.

The Federal Government has from the beginning of the Republic recognized and upheld the principle of providing either land or financial remuneration to the veterans of all our wars. Our pension system became well established after the Civil War and has been partially extended to take in a large number of the Spanish American War veterans. An effort will shortly be made to extend

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the same system to the able bodied World War veterans. It is, therefore, an opportune time to consider which would be the better for the country, to appropriate funds to help aged American men and women to live at home during their last years, or to give it to able bodied veterans when they reach forty-five. There is little doubt that a referendum to the people would carry overwhelmingly in favor of Federal aid for our aged men and women, and I believe a large number of the veterans themselves would favor it.

On June 4, 1929, I offered an Amendment on the floor of the House to the pending Census Bill, providing for a survey of men and women of sixty years or more in needy circumstances. My amendment was defeated by a vote of 78 to 109, although such a census could have been made at little cost under the provisions of the Reapportionment Bill.

My own opinion, drawn from various State pension laws and also the law as administered in Canada, is that one million aged poor would be a maximum, and a conservative estimate ought to be about 800,000. The cost of a Federal Pension on the basis of 800,000, at $240 a year, if the Government paid one-third, would be $64,000,000 a year; or if the Government paid one-half it would be $96,000,000.

On the basis of one-third contribution, it would cost the same amount of money as two modern battleships, or on the fifty per cent basis it would cost the price of three modern battleships, to maintain our aged and destitute men and women in their own homes or with friends to the end of their days.

From the above sums the amount now being spent for the needy aged poor in almshouses would have to be deducted.

I am certain that all those people in New York State who are familiar with the successful operation of the Widows' Pension Bill providing State funds to keep poor children with their mothers, would favor the same constructive principle being carried into a system of old age pensions.

The result would be that the evils of almshouses would be abolished, the buildings and lands costing a quarter of a billion of dollars would be sold, old couples would be kept together in their own homes and the sick, crippled and diseased would go to hospitals and institutions where they would receive adequate care and treatment.

We should cease playing the ostrich act and at least try to solve this serious problem of old age dependency. I bespeak a sympathetic consideration of a constructive old age pension system in the interest of a class of people who have no organization, no *bloc*, no spokesman, no propaganda, and whose economic condition and personal pride prevent their speaking for themselves. Let us strive to establish human rights on a parity with property rights in the United States of America.

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A Problem in Aesthetics

By P. W. Wilson

Another exploit of Virginia Bodkin, detective by intuition

It has been in my professional capacity as a special inquiry agent for insurance companies that I have been brought into a certain inevitable intimacy with Miss Virginia Bodkin, the consultant detective, of whose methods, hitherto undeveloped in her profession and mine, I have previously written. Yet I cannot deny that, at times, I entertain other than a merely professional admiration for a girl who, despite all her fame, lives strangely alone in the world of which she displays so uncanny a perception. At times I am alarmed over her — the risks that she takes — her sheer audacity in matching her brains against the cleverest criminals in a country where crime is still among the most lucrative of organized industries.

"I admit," so I said to her one day, "that you have a certain aptitude for solving mysteries, but for all that, you should give it up. The thing is getting on your nerves and becoming an obsession. I never take you out, even to the Guild Theatre, without feeling that you are on the peek for pickpockets."

Not wholly displeased, she laughed a little, but as usual our conversation, just when it was approaching a point of personal interest, was interrupted by more serious business. As usual, it was the telephone that disturbed us.

"Yes," said the girl, into the receiver; "certainly, Virginia Bodkin speaking. What, Reggie Bowker? My *dear* Reggie, I haven't heard from you for an age. . . . Why, yes, of course, I'll come. . . . Really! You don't say so. Prince Raspagni! Think of that. . . . *What* do you say? Three of them? Goodness, what an egoist. . . . A sister and an aunt; how affectionate! . . . Who painted the other two? . . . How thrilling! Quite like the Three Graces. . . . Yes, four o'clock! May I bring Hamo? . . . Thanks. He needs a change of thought."

She hung up the receiver.

"My dear," she cried, "Reggie Bowker wants us to come right away to his studio where he is expecting Prince Raspagni of Italy, President of the Bureau of National Art at Rome and one of the *leading* Fascists. Surely you remember about him. He came over for the opening of the Loan Exhibition of Italian Paintings at the Metropolitan Mu-

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seum. He is a perfectly charming man, I'm told — as simple and unassuming as D'Annunzio — an immense hit this year among the pastime families who still survive at Newport.

"And, my dear," she went on, "what *do* you think? Reggie has painted Prince Raspagni's portrait, and so has Maydon Morris, and *so* has Cranford Rodetski. He's had himself painted three times and all the portraits are at this moment in Reggie's studio, so we can see them!"

"Three times!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, Reggie says that his is going to the Bureau of National Art itself, while the Prince wants the others for a sister and an aunt. So, my dear, forget all about the bomb squad and come along."

TO THE studio of Reggie Bowker, we had only a few minutes' walk, and it was in the highest spirits that Virginia arrived. The room was two stories high and was lighted by enormous windows, with corresponding curtains. The furniture and rugs were of that artistic texture which grows old suddenly — the recent antique — everything suggesting the dust of bygone days except the books, which were later even than Mencken. Three easels stood in anything but a row, on each of which rested a portrait of an Italian gentleman. There were also the three artists present, each sincerely admiring the masterpieces perpetrated by the others. Mrs. Reginald Bowker was serving tea and so, for the moment, occupied the strategic position. As we entered, she was smiling into the face of the Italian gentleman, the subject of the portraits, and dropping sugar into his cup.

Prince Raspagni was above the middle height, slenderly built, and singularly handsome. His cleanshaven countenance, illuminated by large dark eyes, revealed a perfect complexion and sensitive, romantic features. His hands might have been molded by a Mantegna, and no usual tailor had fitted him with clothes. Courteous and gracious manners proclaimed an accomplished aristocrat, whose ancestry could be traced in direct line to the Senate where sat a Julius Cæsar. As a Southern Democrat, Mrs. Reginald Bowker was obviously the person to add sugar to such a man's tea.

THE three portraits were much admired. Reginald Bowker, whose immense tie, flowering amid the flaps of his soft collar, was radiant with a passion for the true and beautiful, had painted the Prince in the simple, matter of fact style of a Millais. Maydon Morris, who was dressed *à la* Wall Street, a brisk, sensible little artist with two plus at golf, had shown the Prince as "an impression," to be identified only at a distance; his picture was, in fact, one of his usual lucrative lapses into the kind of art that Sargent would have produced if he had been a Sergeant-Major. Cranford Rodetski, from Poland and Detroit, whose Rolls-Royce was parked across the street, was, at the moment, specializing in cubes, and the skill with which he had angularized the soft Neapolitan lips and nose of the Prince, was something of a financial *tour de force*.

"I never knew," said the delighted patron to Virginia, at their introduc-

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tion, "until I came to your wonderful country, that I could be three men at once, and all so different. I am flattered."

"And which," asked Virginia coyly, "do you like best?"

"Ah, my dear young lady, what a question where all are so good — so *Americaine!* I take them all with me — back to Italy — I love them all."

"It is a great compliment to us," said Mrs. Reginald Bowker, handing tea, this time only to Virginia, "when Italy thinks it worth while to come to us for pictures. Usually, it is the other way."

"Signora," said the Prince, "I hope to compel my countrymen to appreciate the beauties of your art. I can assure you that I value it more than I can express."

He bestowed on her an operatic obeisance, then turned to Virginia.

"You have seen our pictures at the Metropolitan Museum? No? But you must see them."

"I don't understand about art," said Virginia, woefully, "and nobody thinks of explaining pictures to poor little me."

NONE of us is ever aware at what point in our lives fate decides our destiny. To Prince Raspagni, Virginia was merely a young American girl, looking into his face with all the coquetry of a Pilgrim daughter, the innocence of whose perfumed Puritanism drooped, as it were, from her practised eyelids. He was completely off his guard, and with Neapolitic volubility said he would be charmed, he would be proud, to show her the pictures and to give his humble opinion of their merits. And let Mrs. Reginald Bowker come also, if she would be so gracious; and Mr. Hamo Candlish — certainly — delightful.

Then, he suddenly remembered and hesitated. But — he exclaimed — alas — he was desolated — the Exhibition — it was nearly over — today was Wednesday — it closed on Thursday — he sailed by the *Roma* — on Saturday. There was so little time — so very little time. How could it be managed? Well, it must be Thursday — Thursday afternoon — yes, he could arrange it for Thursday afternoon.

VIRGINIA was ecstatic. It was thrilling; and on Thursday afternoon, we met at the Exhibition where, as cicerone, Prince Raspagni surpassed himself. He was a man who knew pictures and here were pictures worth knowing. The leading collectors in the United States had lent the best of their Italian masterpieces and the best was very good. Raphaels and Titians, Botticellis and Bronzinos, usually inaccessible to the public, were displayed, and an immense procession of visitors testified to the appreciation aroused, especially among Italian residents in New York, whose enthusiasm was unmistakable. Several of the attendants, happening to be Italian, recognized Prince Raspagni and chatted with him, and students, copying the pictures, of whom there must have been a dozen or more, welcomed him as a friendly and discerning critic. One realized what is meant by Italian culture — its eagerness — its impulsive delight in the best — its passion for achievement. One also realized the influence of

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Italy over her sons and daughters who for years may have been naturalized citizens of the great Republic overseas.

Virginia was vivacity incarnate. With catalogue and pencil she marked the pictures which she admired, making in the margin notes of Prince Raspagni's comments. When our little party broke up, she thanked him profusely for his kindness and so did we all.

ALONE on a bus down Fifth Avenue, Virginia is always nervous. I accompanied her, therefore, to her apartment on Macdougal Alley, Greenwich Village, and was not a little astonished by her demeanor. Not a trace of vivacity remained in her. She seemed all at once to be worn out; indeed, biting her lips, she was not far either from tears or from temper — it is never easy, in her case, to distinguish between the two.

"Hamo," she said, "perhaps you were right. My job may not be, after all, the job for a woman. Do you know," she added, suddenly, "I have often asked myself what I should do if one day" — she looked at me — "I had to allow somebody to be murdered. Have *you* ever envisaged, as they say, such a situation? Interesting question. . . ." She lapsed into silence.

"Allow somebody to be murdered? In what way?" It was only after a pause that I spoke.

"Well, suppose that you had an insurance case, and knew that if you pursued it according to your ordinary methods, a decent fellow stood a good chance to be done in, what would be your decision? Would you go on with the case as usual, or what?"

"I would warn the decent fellow."

"That's begging the question. Suppose that you couldn't warn him. What then?"

"Depends on the case," I replied.

"Like a man to say that," she answered, and again relapsed into silence. At Macdougal Alley her face was as firm as a flint. It did not seem to me as if the decent fellow had been given the benefit of the doubt.

ON FRIDAY morning I received a call on the 'phone from Messrs. Ira and Waddy, Insurance Brokers, 25 Pine Street, down town. They wished to see me at once and privately.

"You know, of course," said Mr. Ira, "that we are carrying special insurance on the Italian pictures on loan at the Metropolitan Museum."

"Yes," I said, "I gathered that it would be in your line."

"Well," continued Mr. Ira, "you may have seen that the Exhibition was declared open by an Italian Prince — Raspagni is his name — who, so I understand, had a good deal to do with suggesting it in the first instance. It seems that the fellow has had his portrait painted — indeed, he has had three portraits painted, all of himself — and he's taking the pictures back to Italy. He wants us to put an insurance on them."

"Sounds all right to me," I said. "Fact is, I've met the man and seen the portraits"; and I told him of my visit with Virginia to Reginald Bowker's studio.

"What are the things worth?" asked the broker.

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"Haven't an idea. I could find out."

"Get Virginia Bodkin to nose around. She lives among these artists. The reason I ask you is that he wants us to put on the pictures an insurance of fifty thousand dollars, and it seems a large sum."

"On what risk? Damage?"

"No. Total loss; and between ourselves, we are trying to get him also to insure his life. Good business, my boy, good business."

IT WAS, I confess, with some misgiving that, on this occasion, I approached Virginia.

"Any more lectures?" she inquired, gently.

"No — not this time, Virginia. Truth is that I want to ask your advice."

"My dear Hamo," she retorted, "whatever are you thinking about? You know very well — indeed, you were telling me only a day or two ago — that this detective business is getting to be an obsession with me, and now, just as I am trying to break myself of a bad habit, you come round and lead me back again to the wide, wide underworld."

"Virginia, it's about those three portraits."

"Gracious!" she cried, "and mayn't I go and see Reggie Bowker without having — as you so kindly expressed it — to peek for pickpockets?"

"Virginia, Prince Raspagni is taking the portraits to Italy and wants them insured."

"They need it," she interjected.

". . . and he fixes the insurance at fifty thousand dollars."

"Really!" she said. "What of it? Insurance against what?"

"Nothing for damage, but the risk covers total loss."

"What do you mean by total loss? If the portraits sink the ship?"

"Yes, if the ship sinks, or there is a fire or burglary."

"In other words, if, for any reason, the portraits disappear and can not be found?"

"Precisely, and between ourselves, Ira is hoping to plant a policy on Raspagni's life. He's a fiend for what he calls new business."

Virginia walked across the room and stooped to a low table on which, between book ends, lay her library.

"*Almanac de Gotha*," she said. "Red as ever, including Bolshevists in Russia. For all that, in the *Troisième Partie* we may still discover blue blood — Ah — here we are — Prince Raspagni — Just so — aged thirty-two — but —"

"But what?"

"Nothing, my dear Hamo, nothing. See for yourself."

THE print was small but I could read with ease the account of Prince Raspagni, his ancestry and decorations.

"Well," I said, "what's wrong?"

"Only this," she answered. "He has no aunt and he has no sister."

"You mean — the portraits —"

"Exactly. One was to go to each of these fond relatives. But the fond relatives don't exist."

"Of course, there can be no question that Raspagni is the man he represents himself to be?"

"A sufficient answer is that he is paying money and not borrowing it. It is absurd to suppose that he is impersonating anyone. To begin with, he has been in the States, not

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for a day or two but for several months. He has stayed at the Italian Embassy and they have presented him at the White House. Oh, no, Prince Raspagni is all right, but this does not alter the fact that he has no sister and no aunt!"

She took up the telephone and gave a number.

"That you Reginald Bowker? . . . Yes. . . . Virginia Bodkin. Look here, Reggie, I have Hamo Candlish here. . . . Yes, I brought him along the other day. . . . Well, Reggie, he's something in insurance. . . . No, not only life insurance but any old thing. . . . No, he doesn't want to insure your life. . . . Quite agree, they *are* a nuisance. . . . But, Reggie, do listen. . . . Prince Raspagni is insuring his portraits with a firm of brokers, and Hamo is acting for them. . . . All he wants to know is the value of the pictures. . . . Yes, of course, *confidentially* . . . you understand . . . what he paid for the portraits. . . . Maydon Morris got twelve thousand. . . . Well, *that* wasn't bad, was it? . . . Rodetski wouldn't say. . . . Ha! Ha! . . . The quotation for cubes was indeterminate. . . . Well, and you? . . . No, I don't want to be third degree-like. . . . Just so; we'll keep it to ourselves. . . . Really, fourteen thousand. . . . Pretty good. . . . Sorry sometimes that I paint only my own portrait. . . . Where are the pictures now? . . . You got 'em still? . . . Packed up yesterday. . . . Oh, *I* see. . . . You're sending them to Cipriani's. . . . Yes, yes, I know the place . . . know it well. . . . Fifteenth Street. . . . Just so. . . . Reggie, you lay me under life-long obligations. . . . Yes, yes, Hamo's no sieve. . . . Quite so, only for ourselves."

She rang off, lit a cigarette, then remarked:

"If he's paid twelve thousand for one portrait, and fourteen thousand for another, and if he has a third portrait by Rodetski — well — insurance at fifty thousand, while high, is not out of the way."

Apparently, a new thought occurred to her mind, for she took up the 'phone and gave the same number as before.

"Reggie? . . . Yes, Reggie, I'm blushing with shame, but it's Hamo's fault. . . . Point is, Reggie, that these insurance fiends want the size of the pictures, dimensions, length, breadth, don't you know? Inches by inches. . . . Not the least idea why — identification, I suppose. You know the red tape. . . . Right. . . . One moment. Hamo, pencil. . . . Yes, I'm ready for the arithmetic. . . . 18 inches by 25 . . . is that yours? . . . Just so, and how about the Maydon Morris? . . . 24 by 39. . . . And Cranford Rodetski's . . . 29 inches by 37. . . . Reggie, your patience bespeaks the artistic temperament . . . meet soon."

Once more she put up the receiver, and, having thus taken my name in vain, she relapsed into further cogitation.

"Hamo," she said at length, "your clients want you to tell them whether they should or should not enter into this gamble. Assuming that Prince Raspagni, having insured the pictures for fifty thousand dollars, intends to throw them into the Atlantic Ocean and collect, it follows

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obviously that your friends should refuse the deal. But my idea is that Prince Raspagni has no such intention. At a good premium, the insurance is quite sound."

"Ira will be glad to hear it. After all, what he is really after is insuring Raspagni's life. Insurance of the pictures is merely a step in that direction."

Virginia flushed a little. "Now, Hamo," she said, after a moment of thought, "you asked my advice about the portraits, not about the Prince himself. All I have suggested is that the pictures are a sound proposition. I said nothing about Raspagni."

"What's wrong with Raspagni?"

"I do not say that there is anything wrong. I merely insist, my dear Hamo, that my opinion as to insurance is limited to his portraits. You have the same facts to work upon that I have, but we are each of us entitled — are we not? — to our own conclusions? You'll drop in this evening, won't you?"

HOWEVER sweetly she might smile, here was an ultimatum. I had no choice but to report the position to Messrs. Ira and Waddy who, to say the least, were not a little mystified.

"What on earth," asked Mr. Ira, "does the girl mean by hinting that Prince Raspagni is in personal danger? Has she told the police?"

"It is not Virginia Bodkin's habit to tell the police or anyone else unless she is so disposed, but I can only suppose that she suspects an anti-Fascist feud against Raspagni."

"It is possible," he replied, thoughtfully. "Well, we haven't issued a life policy, and it is better to be late than to lose."

With Virginia's invitations, which are usually casual, one can never be sure whether she intends a mere hospitality or something behind it. Still, when I arrived at Macdougal Alley, I was somewhat surprised to find that I shared the elevator with Inspector Hobbs of the New York Police.

"She's got another of her busy bees in her bonnet," he grumbled. "Wonder what it is this time."

QUICK to perceive his annoyance, Virginia was in her most conciliatory mood. "Inspector," said she, "it is exceedingly good of you to give me the benefit of your experience and authority, but the evening is a little late. I am apt to be nervous when alone, and I wonder whether, under these circumstances, I might have the company of yourself and three or four policemen — those with pistols preferred."

The Inspector was hardly mollified by a request which, to say the least, was not devoid of an apparent impudence. But at a difficult moment, the situation was saved by the telephone. Mr. Hobbs was wanted by Headquarters.

"Yes — yes —" he said impatiently, "Hobbs speaking — yes — what? . . . You don't say so — In the hotel itself? . . . Too bad. . . . How many? . . . Three of them. . . . Get away? Well, we'll see about that. . . . Thanks. I'll be around. . . . Not so long."

He rang off.

"Would you believe," he said, "but they've got that poor Prince Raspagni."

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Virginia lit a cigarette and did not once look my way.

"Yes," continued Inspector Hobbs, "the man was murdered in his hotel — right in his room — three fellows apparently did him down — automatics as usual; and it makes the ninth of these killings in New York alone!"

"You suggest that it was anti-Fascism?"

"What else? Show me."

"I think," said Virginia gently, "that a moment ago you were just about to arrange most kindly for three or four of your officers to accompany me on a little visit that I have to make."

"Now, now, Miss," replied Hobbs, "I must get away immediate. . . ."

"And *where* will you go?"

Hobbs was nonplussed.

"New York," continued Virginia, sweetly, "is such a big place in which, all of a sudden, to find three gunmen. Besides, they may have automobiles. Can't you spare me a few minutes, Inspector? It may save time in the end."

HOBBS looked at her dubiously, then replied.

"Very well, Miss. As usual, you seem to know more than you say. But if you let me down, kid, it's for the last time — understand?"

"Oh, yes, Inspector, I understand"; and she handed him the 'phone.

"And where, Miss, are the men to meet us?"

"If you have no objection, Inspector, at Cipriani's in Fifteenth Street."

"Cipriani's? What's he got to do with it?"

"Inspector, everything has to do with everything else," said Virginia, firmly, "and in this case, I don't think that I am as much mistaken as usual."

The Inspector gave the suggested instructions and, with a smile of satisfaction, Virginia slipped on her fur coat.

"Now," she went on, with a brisk alacrity, "all is nicely set for our little picnic." So, taking a taxi, we found ourselves in a few minutes at Cipriani's.

THREE officers duly greeted us. Inspector Hobbs rang the bell, the door was opened, and the six of us entered. The place was half a store and half a warehouse. As for Cipriani, he was as rotund as he was voluble.

"Ah, Miss Bodkin," he exclaimed and he shook her warmly by both hands. "What can I do this time for you and your friends?"

"Cipriani," said Virginia, bluntly, "as an honest man, you ought not to receive stolen goods."

"Stolen goods, Miss Bodkin, stolen goods? How can you say the words? When have I stolen goods? I never do such thing."

"You have three pictures here, stolen from the Metropolitan Museum."

"I have no three pictures stolen from the Metropolitan Museum," he protested vehemently.

"Then," said Virginia, "I will tell you what the pictures are. I will give you the names. They are Raphael's *Madonna of the Orchard*, worth at least a quarter of a million; Titian's *Portrait of a Bishop*, which is even more valuable; and the *Capulet*

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by Da Vinci, which, of course, is priceless."

Cipriani — his face turned pale — regarded her with a kind of hypnotizing horror. But recovering himself, he declared fervently.

"I have no pictures, except what you see around. I have no other pictures, except three portraits of Prince Raspagni, and they are pack up for Europe."

"Unpack those pictures, Cipriani," said Virginia, firmly.

"If the Inspector say, unpack, I unpack. But I do not unpack for Miss Bodkin."

"The Inspector does say, unpack."

"Very well." He threw out his hands and led us to the warehouse.

A SMALL case of rough wood stood on the floor. It was labelled for the steamship *Roma* and bore the name of Prince Raspagni. With the help of the detectives, the case was broken open.

"You see, Miss Bodkin, it is as I say — three portraits of Prince Raspagni — one, two, three — and that is all."

"Pack them up again," said the Inspector, in not unreasonable disgust.

"Not yet," said Virginia. "Cipriani, do artists in the Twentieth Century use canvas three hundred years old?"

She pointed to the back of one of the pictures. It was brown and worn. Cipriani's pallor returned.

"I no understand you," he stammered.

"You understand me only too well," she said and, taking up a small tool, began to release the little nails that held the portrait to its frame. When the countenance of Prince Raspagni, done in the cubist manner by Cranford Rodetski, was rolled aside, there was disclosed the *Madonna of the Orchard*, by Raphael; Reginald Bowker's masterpiece concealed Titian's *Portrait of a Bishop;* and the Maydon Morris was a blind for the priceless *Capulet* by Da Vinci.

CIPRIANI was enduring agonies.

"They threatened me, Miss Bodkin, they did indeed!" he reiterated. "If I had not agree to lend them my warehouse, I would be now one dead man."

"Precisely; I know it," said Virginia, "and I shall ask the Inspector to take a lenient view of your offense."

"But," said Inspector Hobbs, now fairly dumbfounded. "I do not understand it at all. I do not know what report to make upon it."

"You need make no report on the pictures, Inspector. Simply see that they are returned to the Metropolitan Museum. They will be delighted to have them back again. Indeed, I doubt very much whether they know as yet that the pictures have disappeared. The Exhibition closed yesterday afternoon, the public was excluded today from the galleries, and during the night, I do not doubt that the thieves substituted admirable copies for the originals — indeed, I saw the copies on their easels. They were good enough to keep up appearances for the time being."

"But you," cried Cipriani, throwing up his hands in amazement, "you yourself, Miss Bodkin — how did you manage thus to anticipate Prince Raspagni's so patriotic endeavor to restore these pictures of ours to Italia?"

"My dear Cipriani, simply enough.

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I gathered at once that Prince Raspagni had some reason of his own for ordering three portraits, all of himself. I found out the dimensions of the portraits; and I assumed that if there was to be smuggling, the pictures to be concealed must be of the same dimensions as the portraits which were to be used for the purpose. It was then a simple matter to look through the catalogue of the Loan Exhibition until I came to the pictures which fulfilled the conditions."

"And the danger to Raspagni?" I murmured.

"Raspagni acted out of pure patriotism. He wanted the pictures, not for himself but for his country. After all, many of such masterpieces in years long past have been as good as stolen — bought for a mere song. But, of course, the Prince had to have accomplices. That was *his* trouble, and when some of these accomplices saw him, as they must have seen him, showing the pictures to the confidential agent of the corporation which had insured the collection — to say nothing of so unpleasant a person as little me — they may have got the idea that they were to be double crossed. Neapolitans, if they suspect disloyalty, are apt to be annoyed. However, Mr. Hobbs, I don't suppose that the bandits will leave these pictures as a legacy to our good friend, Cipriani. Nor will they want them to be shipped to Italy where Fascist vigilance restricts the market. I suggest, then, that you keep your men here tonight, Inspector, and make the arrests. Why not? Here is Cipriani, ready at any time to be your star witness. Hamo, I think there is just time for us to make the last *de luxe* at the Capitol."

Next day, there appeared numerous editorials in which Inspector Hobbs was congratulated on his double coup. Not only had this able and unassuming officer recovered three priceless masterpieces before their theft had been so much as suspected by the Metropolitan Museum but, after the assassination of Prince Raspagni, he had arrested the three gunmen, red handed; and within an hour or two of the crime.

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Child-Pestering Parents

By Cleon C. Mason, M.D.

A doctor charges that we are making little hypochondriacs of our youngsters, out of a too conscientious obsession with modern psychology and child specialists

They were three fine boys; sturdy little tykes who ate well, slept well and grew normally. They did the customary amount of fighting, collected the usual assortment of diseases, warts, freckles and broken bones, ran away on occasions, learned their lessons under protest, devilled the neighborhood cats and dogs, kidded the cop — wholesomely dirty, disgustingly healthy — just splendid examples of young America at its best.

For no sane reason their mother suddenly developed a serious attack of child study. She haunted the library, she devoured unbelievable quantities of literature on child psychology; complexes of every known variety became her mental diet; she stuffed herself with strange ideas to a point of intellectual indigestion. No distance was too great to travel if she could hear a new lecture on the subject of children. Each boy was charted and cross-indexed; every activity, normal and dear to the hearts of little fellows, was duly plotted. That affair of the pup and the tin can became as horrible as Banquo's ghost, as significant as a visitation from the Almighty; healthy sex curiosity became a leering nightmare. In the end the mother made herself exceedingly unhappy, made her husband willing to stay at the club until all hours, and developed a shy apprehensiveness in her children.

Finally, she consulted the old family doctor, who laughed rather irreverently at her new deity. He was promptly discharged!

At a bridge party she heard many Ohs and Ahs over the city's newest child specialist, and hastened to consult him. He was all sympathy, all helpfulness. He gave her books of which she had heard only in a misty way. He talked long and learnedly of repressions, sublimations, I Q's, inferiority complexes and a host of abstruse psychological conceptions which have no business in such a place. He examined the awed boys endlessly, he criticised their diet — hot dogs and hamburgers became monstrous; a good healthy sweat indicated a trip to the undertaker; and as to lollypops, fighting and pet guinea pigs, heaven forbid! He

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stripped them of their priceless overalls and substituted neat knickers, blouses and neckties — for their self-respect, you know! He made a surreptitious swim an impossibility by forcing "Childwarm" underwear upon them. He predicted flat feet and a life of aches and pains unless "True-Foot" shoes were promptly donned. In the end I am not sure who suffered most, the mother who grew more befuddled every day, the father who shelled out a lot of money needlessly, or the three boys bereft of every natural impulse who became neurasthenic little Lord Fauntleroys. One can only weep with Lear:

> Poor naked wretches wheresoe'er you are
> Who bide the pelting of this pitiless storm.

These are three real boys. They have a very much disgusted but helpless father and they are in for a lot of trouble unless someone can get their mother to give up the dangerous mental liquor she is tippling. The stuff is intoxicating, and especially devastating when it falls into the hands of persons, medically trained or otherwise, who have not the common sense to use it judiciously.

If this were an isolated case one would not worry, and though it is far from what normally happens it occurs often enough to cause alarm.

We are making altogether too much fuss over our children. Ignorant sentimentalists have orated; well meaning but misguided students have written; the doctor has added fuel to the fire, often unwittingly lest he be found wanting. All in all a system of child worship has been reared on the flimsy foundation of foolish sentimentality, and so unstable is the structure that one cannot help wondering when it will topple and in the end destroy the object of its tender solicitude.

Two outstanding factors have contributed to the situation. As a nation we have moved from the country to the city. This left the child with no place to go but the streets and nothing to do in the way of regular chores. Formerly he played around the farm, learned to milk the cows, feed the stock and help in many ways. It never occurred to parents or to teachers that the child had been wrenched from a wholly natural atmosphere to one charged with artificiality and danger, from a life where day after day he performed the duties which fell to his lot, played serenely with whatever came to hand while his father tilled the soil and his mother busied herself with household duties, both too busy providing food and shelter to waste much time delving into the business of the children. He needed some substitute, and when his self-developed substitutions took on a shocking complexion his elders were duly horrified. Most parents and teachers explained it satisfactorily as pure cussedness; a few preachers shouted original sin; the youngsters came in for a fair share of berating, lingual and manual, but no marked improvement took place until sufficient athletics and shop work were introduced into the school to offset partly the persistent idleness. Then came Freud!

Dr. Freud has given the medical profession at large as much grief as information. This Austrian psychia-

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trist made many interesting observations on the working of the human mind, one of the most striking of which is that all human emotions and most human actions (as well as a few inhuman ones) can be traced to sex urge. Freud became a best seller. People gasped, swallowed hard, and agreed it was all quite simple. Now Dr. Freud found it necessary to use a term which would express a very complex idea; the word "sex" was the nearest he could get, so he used it in its broad sense as a differential. But American readers just emerging from the stifling repressions of the late Victorian era were in no state of mind to perceive the bigger meaning. Sex at once became sensual — and the trouble began. The results have been well nigh a disaster.

CHILDREN have been spied upon by hordes. The doctor, the merciless school-psychologist, social workers and parents have pried into the lives of the little folks until every vestige of privacy has been stripped away. I am speaking kindly. I do not question the sincerity of these well-meaning people, but I do question most seriously whether the good they have accomplished in a better understanding of the child or in improved methods of training has in any way repaid us for the damage done.

Fortunately the child has a clearer outlook and a keener mind than his adult benefactors, otherwise he would have succumbed long ago. Most children have the happy faculty of going serenely along their own inscrutable and I believe immutable ways, conscious no doubt that they are being spied upon but rather contemptuously accepting it as just another minor nuisance such as whooping cough, baths or Sunday School. The perspicacity of the average child is mighty armor.

Were the onslaughts of pseudo-psychologists, driving teachers, ultra-scientific doctors and misguided parents the only enemies of normal childhood, the younger generation would have more than an even break; but the infant is beset from the first lusty howl!

BIRTH records are public property. Within a week after the registration of a birth the proud parents are deluged with literature ranging in character from the latest food fad to the most recent development of safety pins. Commercial firms tirelessly disguise advertising in pretty pink and blue booklets, describing patent foods which put plebeian breast milk to shame, clothing without which no child can expect to avoid terrible diseases, and numerous other articles which any self-respecting infant really needs; and the worst of it is, every article extolled has a world of medical recommendations. The parents, new at the business, read every word; they find a mass of contradictory statements, and ere long are hopelessly muddled. Their anxiety that the bawling future President be saved for his country is intensified by the sly innuendoes of these commercial pests — suppose they should make a mistake — suppose "Grandma's Soup" *is* better than breast milk — from such simple beginnings grows a type of unholy watchfulness, a watchfulness so nearly hysterical in its pervasion that it reflects very seriously on the

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natural development of the sensitive child. Usually the doctor is consulted about this time.

Never is the doctor called upon to render more lasting and more beneficial service than when he first meets these parents. Science must be tempered with sense to a nicety, lurking fears must be uncovered and held up for a good airing and a hearty laugh, and the future President must be started on a sane journey through a sane childhood.

It is a sad commentary upon the medical profession that too often exactly the opposite occurs. The parental fears are intensified by the extensive and dogmatic directions which the doctor gives. Every hour of the baby's day is accounted for with a machine-like precision. Woe befall that child whose mother varies so much as a minute with the feeding schedule; the temperature of a bath takes on Herculean proportions; even the folding of a diaper becomes complicated. Little wonder, in such a maze, that mothers come to depend on the baby's doctor for every detail of its existence. Every fear she has is magnified. The child, instead of just another incident, assumes an importance out of all proportion to its size, and the doctor becomes the guiding destiny around whom the lives of parents and child must revolve.

PART of this unhealthy state of affairs is directly traceable to the doctor, especially the child specialist. It would seem that the aim of doctors limiting their work to children should be to teach parents how to raise a healthy child with the least expenditure of energy and cash. After reading page upon page of printed instructions which some mothers receive, one wonders. The fearful and final tone leaves the parents in a poor state of mind to go forward with any common sense régime. True, there are many exceptions, the sickly or congenitally weak children, the premature, the diseased; but we are discussing normal children, not pathological specimens.

TAKE the problem of food for artificially fed infants. Today there are not less than a hundred different commercial foods and modifiers on the market. Many are advertised to the parents through nationally circulated magazines — yes, some manufacturers employ women who go from one home to another trying to sell a particular brand directly to the mother. Most of these foods are pure humbugs without a scientific reason for their existence, and the doctors know it, yet try as we may we must forever fight the condition.

The doctor himself is not entirely blameless in this matter. Recently I had occasion to examine six different formulæ for a month old infant. Each was written by a reliable physician, yet each so differed from the other that to the uninitiated the whole business would have appeared ridiculous. In reality these formulæ varied less than three per cent in their basic chemical structure. Any normal child would have made normal gains on any one. And exactly the same thing is true of most of the commercial foods, the great difference being that the doctor's own formulæ will cost about one-half as much to prepare.

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The infant's food is but a single item. Every article which can be connected with child life in any possible way receives exaggerated publicity, and this publicity forever carries the sickening ding-dong of cheap sentimentalism! Many persons with an urge to do something pick on the already done-to-death child. I can name half a hundred organizations spending good money for no real purpose, though each is operating ostensibly to save the child. Exactly what from I have not been able to learn!

The business has gone so far and has grown so complex that it is little wonder parents are half crazy and doctors fairly distracted. A mother with nothing to do but worry around with one defenseless infant finds the task beyond her. Baby sneezes — telephone the doctor quickly! Baby spits up — rush to the doctor! Baby cries — the doctor again. And let me add in passing that mothers are bad enough but fathers, when they get that way, are insufferable.

We doctors get mighty weary of the thing — of parents who live their lives on the verge of hysteria, who call on us for an explanation of the thousand and one unexplainable things babies do, who hound our offices like guilty consciences, who insist on reading an amazing amount of pseudo-medical and wholly unreliable literature, then cornering us with unanswerable questions. What is still worse, because our business is to protect the child from being killed with kindness, we must needs accede to many of these demands. Pampering the parents is a big part of every pediatrician's work — if he fails they go to some other doctor who may do a little better by the grown-ups but who in the end ruins the child. On the other hand we might as well frankly state that some child specialists encourage it for financial reasons, but such men are rare.

It is a vicious circle. Parents are bombarded by well-meaning but misguided publicity; they in turn assault the doctor and often out of sheer self-defense the doctor becomes an accomplice — and the children pay the penalty. They lead terror-stricken lives, normal childhood amusements become leering, they grow wizened and fearful — little old men and women long before they are out of pinafores and rompers.

A child is born with certain inalienable rights, such as measles, runny nose, broken bones, warts, fighting, dirt, green apples and tummy aches. Yet we would deprive him of all these! We would hothouse him day in and day out, mother him to death, pester him with all sorts of foolish notions of which the pesterers are as ignorant as the child. I for one am glad I was born before psychology became a fad and Freud a best seller; before breast milk went out of style and science replaced sense.

Recently one of these over-anxious parents was called away for a month. She left page after page of minute directions covering every detail of each child's daily existence, which were completely ignored by a fine upstanding grandmother who gave the children their long needed freedom. When the mother returned she found two disgustingly normal chil-

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dren instead of the two irritable hypochondriacs she had left, and she promptly marched them to the doctor. Verily we are doing the child to death!

The keynote of child raising is the old byword of statecraft — *laissez-faire!* A child as well as an adult is entitled to privacy, has a right to learn for himself, loves mothering but vigorously protests smothering. He will thrive on well-directed inattention; he will wither, grow cross, irritable and defiant when made the victim of persistent Paul Prys. A child's Declaration of Independence would be enlightening reading.

One can hardly leave a subject such as this without a final word, a sort of benediction for bewildered parents. We grant he is the finest baby in the world; we understand your hopes and fears, we commend you for the former and laugh at the latter; we ask you to give your doctor the confidence he deserves. Take your baby to him, lean heavily on sound medical advice, but temper your weight with good common sense. Remember always that your child has many lessons to learn and that he can learn these only by independent action, independent thinking, and free investigation of the complex world around him. Most children are adepts at minding their own business: would we could say the same for adults!

The Willow

By Dorothea P. Radin

O willow,
Wide willow,
Swing soft, boughs,
Sing low, leaves!
Somewhere deep
In green shade
Little lost childhood
Lies spell-bound.

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The Reporter's Last Stand

By Paul H. Bixler

With publicity organizations offering the press an increasing proportion of the day's news, crime remains the chief field in which independent reporting survives

Old-timers in newspaper offices, like old-timers everywhere, often hark back to "the good old days." They recount stories of the time "when a scoop was a scoop" and tell you that for some reason there are no more great reporters. If you ask them to be explicit, the reasons turn out to be the softness of the younger generation, natural laziness, the new inventions for transmitting, writing, and printing the news, or, if your old-timer is more than usually thoughtful, publicity.

If modern news getting has deteriorated, publicity must take the blame. There was a time when a press agent was less respectable than a drummer. His successor, the publicity expert or public relations counsel, belongs to a profession excelling the reporter's in dignity, in remuneration and in total membership.

On January 28, 1928 *The Independent Press*, of Bloomfield, N. J., whose editors must incidentally possess a sense of humor, added to its usual edition a section made up of publicity items which had been received during the week. Two important changes were made from the usual manner of their appearance in print: the source of each story was pointedly attached, and not a line anywhere was re-written.

Publication was designed to put publicity agents wise to some of their grosser foolishness; as it appeared, the section was generally entertaining and educational. Readers, for instance, learned: that Sandino had financed his campaign in Nicaragua by selling coffee taken from plantations near his camp (from the Marines' Publicity Bureau at Philadelphia); that the "Victory Six" had succeeded in climbing through the snow on Pike's Peak to 12,000 feet above sea level (with photographs from Dodge Brothers, Inc.); that people in the State of New Jersey were making 2,262,000 telephone calls a day as compared with 2,194,000 a year previously (from the New Jersey Bell Telephone Co.); that Mrs. Coolidge's favorite salad was composed of pineapple and cheese (from the American Housewife's Bureau, which sent out a weekly recipe including unfailingly as chief ingredient Hawaiian pine-

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apple); that ice refrigeration was necessary in administering a diabetic diet (courtesy of the Home Refrigeration Service, Chicago); that the Marcus L. Ward Home for Aged and Respectable Bachelors and Widowers, situated on Boyden Avenue, cost $3,000,000 and accommodated 80 men (from the trustees).

Thus the news columns of eight pages were filled — and the editors announced that fully two-thirds of the material received had to be excluded for lack of space. *The Independent Press* is only a weekly of comparatively small circulation. Its weekly receipt of publicity is far less than the daily yield in a metropolitan newspaper office.

EDITORS throw away so much publicity material that many of them do not realize how much slips by and appears in print. Many a newspaper executive is unconscious of how much he has come to depend on outside help in getting out his paper. Use of publicity reduces the necessity for a larger staff of experienced reporters and incidentally keeps down the payroll.

There exists, however, a good deal of sensitiveness in some quarters over this subject. I confronted one city editor with Silas Bent's statement that he had discovered that more than sixty per cent of the news stories in one edition of *The New York Times* emanated either directly from publicity items or had their sources in publicity agencies. He indignantly refused to believe such a thing possible, and pointed to the amount coming to his own desk which was tossed into the waste basket. In the last campaign of a great charity Foundation in our city, however, this editor allowed its publicity appearing in his paper to reach a week's total of forty columns. This amount, which does not include photographs on the picture page, took up more than a fourth of all the space given over to local news during the same period.

AN INSTANCE involving this editor and the Foundation will serve to illustrate the inherent defect of publicity as a news source. Publicity is partial to its subjects and often operates to suppress what should be published. It happened that a survey with certain moral tendencies had been undertaken by the leaders of the Foundation. At its completion, however, the men responsible for it had for some reason become ashamed of their handiwork. Accordingly, the publicity department, which had been preparing as usual to issue a statement, was told to desist. Suppression was perfectly simple; all of the city's dailies depend entirely for their news of the Foundation on its publicity department. It chanced, however, that I knew of the story and in a casual conversation with the editor gave him the tip on it. The following morning it appeared under a banner headline. The story, which was fully as valuable a bit of news as anything which had been printed about the Foundation for a year, saw publication quite by accident. As the news gathering field was organized, the possibility of concealment was greater than that of disclosure.

But publicity's greatest crime is the demoralization of the reporter. More than one poorly paid profes-

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sion in these prosperous United States is still respectable. There are compensations in mere hard work for almost any man. But what can be said of a vocation in which a man may spend most of his time merely altering sufficiently what someone else has done so that he may safely call it his own?

DIGGING up news is often a gruelling job, though it has its fascinations and its satisfactions in obstacles cleverly overcome. But to receive a handout in place of getting a fresh, ingeniously handled interview is too easy. Reporters are no lazier than ordinary men, but when they are seldom called on to use their intelligence, it is difficult for them to keep on their mettle or even to retain their self-respect. Whether editors understand this situation in all its phases or not, some of them at least realize the practical result. One of the attempted remedies is the prize contest through which is rewarded weekly the reporter who shows the most ingenuity or who comes through with the most difficult story. In any field of serious, competitive activity prize contests are a recognized last resort.

If we briefly consider the modern newspaper section by section we obtain a more detailed idea of the new publicity's ubiquity. It is safe to say, for instance, that no dramatic department and no sport page in the country could exist for a day without outside aid in this form. It was in the theatre that the press agent first became an important personage. The movies, as one might expect, have gone the stage one better in this respect; it would be hard to find a column devoted to the cinema in which publicity does not far outrun the simon-pure criticism. As for the sport writers, the single fact to their credit is that, in spite of small salaries and much temptation, 99 per cent of them refrain from taking actual largess from well heeled promoters and agents. For the most part, they have remained amateurs; when the sight of easy money has become too much for them, they have openly declared themselves professionals by quitting their paper and entering "the ballyhoo game." Along with the pages of sport, the drama and the movies, may be classed real estate news. These four lead all other parts of the paper in free advertising and in bunk, perhaps because the elements of sincerity and honesty are not so essential to them.

THE woman's page is almost as far gone, however. The only part regularly free from interference is the lovelorn column. Contrary to public impression, faking is almost unknown there, if you except the occasional letter from a collegiate humorist, which is speedily recognized and tossed into the waste basket; the letters in a lovelorn column are written by the most wretched, foolish, humorless and sincere of people, and the columnist, if she is to be successful, has to meet them (often in her office) on the same plane.

On the other hand, the society editor gets free "glossies" of prominent folk about to be engaged or married in return for printing the photographer's name under each of them; she also gets unsolicited notices from hotels in other cities concerning

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local celebrities who are stopping there. The club editor is always swamped with publicity material, and often her column is composed of nothing else. The culinary editor (if that is the proper designation) receives recipes from food companies of all sorts and uses them without a qualm. There are special writers of chaff, gossip and opinion for women, but these are better classed under the general heading of columnists.

INASMUCH as this discussion is essentially concerned with the reporting function of the newspaper, editorials perhaps automatically exempt themselves from its paragraphs. And yet in passing it must be said that "canned" editorials are no strange thing in the office of the editorial writer; it is only fair to add that comparatively few of these see print.

Publicity plays a big part in commercial news. Like the theatrical section, the electrical, real estate and finance columns are choked daily with material that can be considered nothing but special pleading. Certain industries, which are perhaps the most offensive in this respect, advertise so heavily that many papers issue special sections for them in which the news columns cannot be distinguished from the advertising, except in make-up. Public announcement, its manner, and the psychological moment for it, are important in any monetary enterprise. Printed statements to the press help to control these elements and are now the order of the day in all efficient business establishments. Writers in the commercial field accept them or go news hungry.

Political reporters have offered sterner resistance, but they too are gradually succumbing to the deluge of printed handouts. The job of the political writer in the United States has long been a distinguished one among newspaper men; genuine reporters could think of no greater honor than being assigned to the State House or being appointed Washington correspondent. Formerly the political reporter affected spats and a cane and carried himself with an air. He assumed the rôle of minor prophet and occasionally dipped into politics himself. The air and the rôle remain but the reason for them is less substantial.

Silas Bent has recounted the dereliction of the Washington correspondents. It is estimated that the Capital supports 2,000 publicity agents; the story is told of the correspondent who wagered that he could cover Washington for thirty days without once leaving his office, and won his bet.

LOCAL politics are not so extensive and the chance of personal contact is greater. The tendency, however, is all toward bunk and away from good, honest reporting. In this reference, I think of what happened to a reporter trained in the old school when he was recently sent down to cover our city hall. This man knew that there was corruption among the city fathers and he set out to expose it. He was clever and bold and shortly he had in hand evidence that several Councilmen were, contrary to law, asking for, and apparently obtaining, jobs for their constituents in various municipal departments. The evidence was published in fac-

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simile. The city fathers were incensed at such disrespect, one of them — the Council's secretary — going so far as to knock the reporter down when they met on the floor of Council. This, you would think, would have caused an immediate uproar and exposé. But no. A news embargo was instituted against the reporter. A few paragraphs denouncing the ungentlemanly qualities of the secretary appeared in his paper, and then, the other papers being only too willing to take advantage of a clever but fallen competitor, he was recalled and the incident was allowed to die.

One other great part of the daily news remains, the field of crime. It is here that the honest reporter is making his last stand. Perhaps such a statement sounds queer if one considers, as critics of the press inevitably do, such flamboyant items as the Hall-Mills trial, the Snyder-Gray affair, and the Peaches Browning case. When it is examined, however, its strangeness becomes instead an inevitableness.

A definition of crime news would include much that is not legally criminal. The more sensational divorce cases which make the front page are, many would agree with me, properly criminal though always brought into civil courts. And of course, there naturally falls under such a head news of fires, suicides, and all forms of sudden death.

I am thinking particularly, however, of one large section of crime news — to be specific, what is generally known as police news. It is at the source spot of crime and sensation, the police station, that the reporter finds an incentive to do his work well and without interference. The reasons for this are various, but not far to seek.

The nature of such news, in the first place, largely forbids faking of any sort. No one has yet found any manner of prediction, or sure control, of the commission of crime and the occurrence of death. Police work is all predicated on the theory of emergency — and it is difficult with malice aforethought to publicize an emergency to any person's or any group's certain benefit.

Police reporters are on their mettle more continually than other newspapermen. Many of them are cubs, young fellows who have not yet lost their zest in news getting, for editors still believe the police beat to be their best training ground. The spirit of competition between rival reporters over scoring a beat on a three-alarm fire or a murder is often as sharp as that between two newspaper circulation departments — which is to say as sharp as it is humanly possible to be. Moreover, in the background always hovers the danger of libel suits, goading the reporter on to accuracy and to the certainty that he has obtained his news from an authentic source.

The thorough-going reporter need have no fear of a news embargo at police headquarters. If he is wise, of course, he usually manages to slip into his stories the names of the officers responsible for them. This, after all, is news in itself. But if he digs up something offensive to the department, he can have it printed as he sees it, without running the risk of being turned down flatly the

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next time he asks for some information. Ninety-nine out of a hundred cities in the United States own police departments which are submerged in intrigue. The policeman, from rookie to chief, is dependent on the whims and favors of political higher-ups. Heroic he may be in pursuit of the criminal, but before his Alderman or District Attorney he turns craven. Fear for his job is constantly with him. Obviously it is to his interest to cultivate the newspapers, and if he is criticized, to turn the other cheek. More than once I have seen police lieutenants with a grievance grow angry and swear that they were through giving out news to a certain paper — and then after two or three hours of cooler thought seek out the reporter they have denounced and apologize.

THIS situation may somewhat explain the level of modern American newspaper journalism. A list of the prominently displayed news stories of the last few years includes, with one exception, nothing but tales of crime. Crime is the one serious field in which the reporter still has a free hand.

The Lindbergh saga, which is the exception in the list, is hardly worthy of great praise, except that for once it centered American mass emotion on an excellent subject. There is reason to believe that the newspapers now regret the excess of their early enthusiasm. Moreover, their quiet submission to the censorship on board the *Memphis* and their general silence in regard to Lindbergh's refusal to wear a colonel's uniform and in regard to his father's pacifist activities during the war, do not savor of good reporting.

IT MUST be admitted that although police reporting is self-reliant, it does not lend the press a savory reputation. Its power and independence do little to build respect for daily journalism. This is a sad commentary, but we shall have to be content with it.

As to the future, further recession on the part of the newspapers from what independence they still retain does not seem probable. It would seem that a certain amount of journalistic freedom will always be found at police headquarters. Obstacles to the control of police news appear insurmountable. And yet one can never be certain. I learned the other day that a hard-boiled city editor of my acquaintance called in a publicity expert to get an account of a drowning!

The accident had happened to a young boy at a summer camp and none of his reporters could get any details. So he called up the camp's publicity agent and threatened never again to use any of his effusions if he refused to come immediately to the rescue. Fifteen years ago this editor wouldn't have admitted to anyone his inability to get such a story, let alone demand that some outsider do the work for him.

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Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

JANUARY, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 1

THE SACRIFICIAL BROADCAST

Early last November, the world's greatest orchestral showman, Leopold Stokowski, aided and abetted by the world's greatest orchestra or its closest competitor, put on the air a piece of music whose echoes went across the continent and came back again in a flood of comment and criticism. It is confidently reported that the sponsors of this particular programme spent the seven following weeks in tunneling their way from under the avalanche of correspondence occasioned by their offering, while Mr. Stokowski sat on top of the world and swore he would read every letter addressed to him if it took him until the millennium.

The bone of contention, the *pièce de résistance*, the relatively innocent cause of all this controversy, was a polyphonic composition by a certain Mr. Stravinski, entitled *Sacre du Printemps*. Its theme, according to the best authorities, was the amusing custom of human sacrifice. The nation-wide dispute that followed its first ethereal presentation was principally devoted to the question as to who had been sacrificed. Was it the great American public, as it sat in Sabbath contemplation of the radio? Was it the reputation of Stokowski, or of the Philadelphia Orchestra? Was it the Muse of Music herself who let out a final screech as she expired in a national hook-up? Was it good sense and good taste which were sacrificed to make the nation Philco-conscious?

We ourselves sat through the concert, though it was a wet day and the children correspondingly ubiquitous and iniquitous. We listened with all our available ears and got an earful for our pains. We came out of it dizzy but still intact, and with a new respect for radio. Nothing so interesting had come out of its noisy mouth in many, many moons.

Our first impulse, born of Mr. Stravinski's curious conceptions of melody and harmony, was to do a little composing on our own account. We sat down here and there on the piano keys and pulled the cat's tail now and then, and achieved a symphony in miniature. We slid down the banisters into a basket of frying pans and found the effect significant. We turned on the radio and phonograph together and shook the baby's bank until fifteen cents fell out, and the result was music as modern as the middle of the next week. We even sang aloud, and when the bystanders complained we assured them that close attention and affirmation would reveal subtle beauties in our voice and song which nobody had ever before suspected.

So this is modern music, and what of it?

Well, it is extraordinarily interesting, in a purely intellectual fashion. It lacks entirely the somnolent effect of a familiar tune and

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its emotional consequences are so similar to indigestion that there is little real fun in them. It is interesting, as toothache is interesting or tight shoes or the stock market or the morning after the night before. It commands attention, even while it defies understanding. It is uneasy, urgent, dramatic and unhappy. It gets nowhere, though it tries hard. It leaves behind a mood, rather than a conviction or an inspiration or a consolation. It is sometimes shocking, sometimes violent; sometimes it just feels bad. Sometimes it sings aloud with harmonies hitherto undiscovered.

Since fools rush in where angels put on overshoes, we hazard an opinion in this new controversy between the popular and the esoteric. This phase of modernism, it seems to us, is foredoomed to failure if it hopes — as Dr. Stokowski hopes and intends and even insists — to find a general audience. Since it forswears the elemental mood and manner, it ignores the elemental nature of the public appetite. It cannot compete with tunes — big tunes or little tunes — which stick on the surface of mind and memory like burrs on a small boy's trousers. It is defiantly individual, and here and there an individual likes it and loves it. It digs deep into him, and finds sympathetic echoes in the troubled uncertainty, the emotional storm and stress, the doubts and fears and flashes of light that make the inner man such an uncomfortable companion to the cocksure outward seeming of the individual.

Even when such music preaches nothing and would merely paint a picture it is no still life or frozen landscape which it prefers. It wants the whole living panorama at once, much as the gentleman who painted the *Nude Descending a Staircase* mixed his lady's legs with the banisters in the most surprising manner. In music this is defensible where in art it is usually silly trickery. And since the confusion of birdsong at dawn, the roar of a city's traffic, the racket of children at play, must be conceded to be musical, the lack of clarity and simplicity in the modern mode is not in itself enough to outlaw it.

But Mr. Stokowski blundered — if, indeed, he did so — in choosing Stravinski for the indiscriminate and undiscriminating audience which waited on him, and he blundered again in high-hatting them. He told them that this was good, but they wouldn't get it. He asked them not to bite the radio or throw furniture, but to sit patiently and prayerfully by until light was granted them. Most of them immediately and inevitably felt like telling Mr. Stokowski to go fly a kite.

But some of them, who sat through to the last squeal of sacrifice and enjoyed it, at the same time reserved approval on that sort of music whose chief boast is that nobody can understand it. Much of it is bunk; perhaps most of it is bunk. A man need not be a musician to think so, and the fact that he thinks so does not mean that he has no music in him. He may simply be making unkind comparisons with other species of expressionism which are admittedly within his range. Since they are so sour, then these others are probably sour also.

Such a skeptic might reflect, for instance, on the literary novelties of such modernists as James Joyce or Gertrude Stein. It was Gertrude who wrote in the dear departed *Dial* that "loving is loving and being a baby is something. Loving is loving. Being a baby is something. Having been a baby is something. Not having been a baby is something that comes not to be anything and that is a thing that is beginning. Having been a baby is something have been going on being existing. Not having been a baby is something."

This is what Dryden called "torturing one poor word a thousand ways" — not to mention the baby.

Mr. Joyce goes Gertrude one better by making his own words to suit his mood and scrambled sentiments and sensations. This is how he feels about something or other: "My faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek peep. Are you right there, Michael, are you right? Ay, I'm right here, Nickel, and I'll write. But it's the muddest thick that was ever heard dump. Now join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to be more sparematically logoical eelpie and paleale by trunkles."

No matter who wrote it, it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything, even if you sing it. It wouldn't mean anything if it was played by a symphony orchestra and broadcast on a wave-length by authority of the Federal Radio Commission. It doesn't mean anything, even if the author tells us that we are just too dumb to understand it. It just doesn't mean anything.

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Women and Wall Street

When the stock market went into a tail-spin in November it was a time to try men's souls and for women to say "I told you so." It was a time when there was no law and few prophets, when the cohorts of calamity followed a retreating army and wiped out stragglers by the score. It was a time when certainty faded to a whisper, while ignorance grew arrogant, so that those who knew the market and all its works and ways had nothing to say while bystanders with no stake in the game crowded the sidelines and were plentiful with comment, criticism and interpretation. And it was a time when the professional slang of Wall Street invaded everybody's vocabulary.

So perhaps it was comprehensible that the wife of my bosom, whose speculative investments never extended further than matrimony and the wartime purchase of seven savings stamps, should suddenly take to talking like the ticker and *The Wall Street Journal.* So that, for example, the early evening gossip of renewed domestic acquaintance should run like this:

"How were the children today, my dear?"

"Well, the boys were bearish on oatmeal at breakfast time, but there was strong support for hot dogs at lunch. Industrials were sluggish in the afternoon, owing to the high school football game. Offerings of shares in dishwashing and general housework brought little response. Symptoms of panic were evident in the late afternoon and the floor was in a state of unusual confusion, but there was no fundamental cause for anxiety."

"Has everything been all right around the house?"

"Well, there is continued liquidation of the laundry tub spigots, and I think we should really get a plumber in. Coal stocks are at a new low level and oils are in demand. There seems to be a weak tone to the radio, and there was a sharp break in kitchenware and dishes this morning when I left the baby for a moment to take in the wash. The ticker's running twenty minutes late in the living room and if it wasn't for my wrist watch I'd have no idea of the time. Telephone trading was active all day, of course, but the man didn't get the pork chops here in time for supper."

"Didn't the butcher call today?"

"Yes, but trading was light, owing to tight money. Credit was restricted and the bank offered little support. Call money was in demand in the early morning, when the man called for the instalments on the piano and another one came to turn the gas off. And I think I'll get another butcher anyway. He's selling short again. But it's been a trying day. If it hadn't been for profit taking on rags and old newspapers I couldn't have got through."

"Well, the worst is over, I think."

"Yes, but you will have to let me have more margin. Leave me at least five dollars when you go to town in the morning, or you're liable not to get any supper tomorrow night."

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Blessed are those occasions on which men spare a word of goodwill for their fellows, willing to be repaid only in kind and kindness. Blessed and twice blessed, since it is a wholesome thing to walk on the sunny side of the street, if it be only for a moment. Blessed in particular this season of the New Year, when the unknown seems neither dangerous nor gloomy, but its coming is an occasion for congratulation and high hopes and good cheer.

We all wish our neighbors a Happy New Year, and the bootblack also and the newsboy and the man who borrowed our umbrella and made it his own. We wish every man a Happy New Year, indifferent to the sort of happiness he prefers, and we'd be in a tight place if called upon to pick it for him. We talk freely for once of happiness, and yet could not say what it is. But none the less it is well to talk of it, if only to declare again our faith in it.

The greeting of the season is a sign and slogan of good intention — to take what comes and make the best of it. No other philosophy has ever been worth its keep nor has ever paid dividends in proportion to the effort put into it. We humbly echo it ourselves, infected with the season's mood and well pleased to have so many friends to share it. A Happy New Year to the patient customers, the faithful readers, the kindly critics and the long-suffering editor.

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Try Dancing

No one but a Senator trying to please everybody with a Tariff schedule can have any idea of the diversity of this nation's industries. Now and then a new one is discovered to the general public when a caucus or convention of its representatives meets at Atlantic City or Niagara Falls to play poker and settle matters of moment to the future of the industry. Lately the Dancing Masters of the nation held such a meeting. They discussed new steps, quantity production, professional ethics, tariff protection for the business, the five-day week, and all other matters which captains of industry consider important at least once a year. And to crown their councils they adopted a slogan, selected in national competition for appropriate prizes, and designed to make the country dancing-conscious.

The selected slogan was "Try Dancing." Just "Try Dancing." It doesn't look like much at first sight, but if you turn it over and study it and hold it up to the light you discover that it is a masterpiece of sloganeering. It is short and to the point. It says more than it means and means more than it says. It goes lightly on the tongue and sticks tightly in the memory. By all the signs, it ought to set the world dancing its fool head off.

A slogan like this can make or break prosperity for a whole section of society. Consider what slogans have done to set the pace of civilization. Think of the manufacturer of Pancake Flour who was starving in the midst of plenty until he put over the idea that "There is No Substitute for Leather." No wonder the dancing masters are writing slogans.

But "Try Dancing" looks hopefully beyond the shuffle of the ball room floor. Are you too fat or lean? Try Dancing. Are you afflicted with corns or is a bee biting you? Try Dancing. Is your morning coffee cold, your toast burned, your hat vanished from sight and knowledge? Try Dancing.

Perhaps you suffer from insomnia, and your neighbor has unleashed his radio on the midnight air. Try Dancing. Possibly your mother-in-law is indisposed, and cannot spend the week-end with you. Try Dancing. Perhaps you are stiff and sore from thirty-six holes of unaccustomed golf, so that you can not walk without creaking. Try Dancing. Perchance you have hit your finger with the hammer while hanging a screen door. By all means Try Dancing.

There are too many situations in life for which there has been until now no logical solution. There are, according to Professor Hulsey Cason, of Rochester, 507 irritations at large in the world for which neither nature nor science has provided a remedy. With two words the Dancing Masters have changed all that, and promise us a world in which men will meet every crisis and challenge of outrageous fortune by dancing — in the streets and market-places, in barroom, boudoir or bathtub. And if you find it difficult to believe it — Try Dancing.

The Insurance Hazard

It was the regular weekly meeting of the local Soviet of the Old Faithful Casualty Company. Officers and directors sat in state around and upon mahogany furniture, and some of them were asleep and dreaming of their golf while others were matching pennies. It looked like any other such meeting, and there was no hint that catastrophe waited in the offing.

The District Manager paused in the midst of his report. He cleared his throat, gulped a glass of water, mopped a brow gone suddenly moist and steadied himself by leaning on the shoulder of the company lawyer. He looked like a man contemplating epilepsy.

"I regret to announce," he stuttered, "I regret to announce that it may possibly be necessary for us to pay the claim against us in the case of Simon P. Stuffins, Accident Policy Number 4,673,248, to the amount of $86.42, for personal injuries sustained by falling fifteen stories through an elevator shaft three years ago. It is very painful — very painful indeed — to have to report this to you, and I recognize it as a confession of failure on the part of my organization, in consideration of which I shall, of course, tender my resignation at once. I beg you to accept it, and to spare my assistants and subordinates, who have done their best in this crisis and are much less to blame than myself. I am getting on in years, I have few dependents, it is well that I pay the penalty —" He broke into tears and sat down.

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There was a moment of horrified silence. The president of the company rose heavily to his feet. He mastered his conflicting emotions, with that grim strength of will which had made him a leader among men. He spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Twenty-eight years," he said, "twenty-eight years of service have I given to this organization. Twenty-eight years of sacrifice to a high ideal and the common weal. Never, never during that long and honorable history has this company, the Old Faithful Casualty, known a blow like this. Twenty-eight years of unblemished achievement — no claims settled, no damages allowed. And now — and now, in the evening of my life, I must endure this. Eighty-six dollars and forty-two cents. It is too much, too much."

They led him gently from the room, a strong man suddenly broken and feeble. The treasurer took the floor. "This is terrible," he said. "Something surely can be done. Something must be done. The claim cannot be paid; we have no facilities for paying it; we have no experience in paying claims. To pay it will destroy our entire system of bookkeeping, the work of my life. And think of the shock to our great industry. Think what it will do to accident insurance everywhere, to fire insurance, to automobile liability, to everything. There will be passed dividends, failures, suicides, rioting in the streets, panic on the Stock Exchange. What has been done about it?"

"Everything," said the manager. "The man fell through the elevator shaft. He broke his leg, fractured his skull, and sustained internal injuries. There is no way out."

"There must be," said a director. "Perhaps he was pushed. We never pay when they are pushed. Pushing constitutes criminal conspiracy. I'm sure he was pushed."

"He was alone in the building," said the manager.

"Then he pushed himself," said the director.

"He couldn't," said the manager. "He lost both his arms seven years ago. Accident Policy Number 2,487,688."

"Did we pay for his arms?" asked a new director.

"Of course not," said the manager reproachfully. "He lost them on a Tuesday. We never pay for arms lost on Tuesdays."

"How about criminal negligence?" shouted a young vice-president.

"We used that on him before," said the manager wearily. "You can't repeat, you know. It's unconstitutional."

"He was walking in his sleep," said another. "Have you tried that?"

"We tried everything," said the manager. "But he had just been talking across the alley to a blonde stenographer in the next building. You can't go to sleep right after an experience like that. We thought of suicide, but the stenographer's story makes that simply impossible. There was a ray of hope when we discovered that he had been heard calling an elevator operator 'Uncle.' You can't collect, of course, when near relatives are involved. But it turned out he wasn't his uncle. And we couldn't get him on conflicting testimony, for there wasn't any."

The company lawyer rose, the battle light in his eye. "This should be easy," he said. "I'm quite sure our policies say nothing about falling fifteen stories in elevator shafts, and in the absence of specific provision for such an event I believe we can demonstrate entire lack of liability."

"There was a rider to the policy specifying elevators," groaned the manager. "We put it in to make the policy attractive, five years ago, when he was fatally ill with typhoid fever. But he got well."

"How about collusion?" suggested another vice-president.

"A man can't collude with an elevator shaft," said the manager angrily. "We thought we had him on perjury, since it is only a fourteen story building. But he fell clear into the basement, and according to the Bill of Rights you have to count basements."

"Can't we get it out of the elevator company?" asked the treasurer. "Or from the owner of the building?"

"There wasn't any elevator there," said the manager sadly. "That's why he fell. And the building is owned by the United States Government. You can't collect $86.42 from the United States Government, you know."

"If there wasn't any elevator there, then it wasn't an elevator shaft," said the lawyer hopefully. "And if it wasn't an elevator shaft, he couldn't fall down it as an elevator shaft. He would have to fall down it as a stairway or a well or a hole in the ground, but

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I'm quite sure our policies say nothing about such things. Does that help?"

"Not in the least," said the manager. "The thing was labelled as an elevator shaft. It had been an elevator shaft. It certainly wasn't anything else."

A mournful silence settled on the meeting. The members eyed each other uneasily, and someone breathed a quiet "every man for himself." A telephone rang in the next room, and the manager staggered out to answer it.

When he returned, his face was transfigured, his step light and elastic. He looked fifteen years younger. They crowded round him. "What is it?" they cried eagerly.

"I regret to announce," he said in a voice which rang through the room, "that our esteemed client, Mr. Simon P. Stuffins, has just passed away in the Municipal Hospital from an attack of ptomaine poisoning. This, I believe, disposes of a most embarrassing situation, and I take pleasure in announcing that our customary quarterly dividend of fifteen per cent will be declared as usual. The meeting is adjourned."

WOLF, WOLF!

What a quaint little legend it is, of the boy who cried "Wolf" too often, so that when real trouble came, nobody listened. What dear old days they were, when morals were wrapped up in such plain speaking packages.

Well, there was not long ago a bank in Wisconsin, and burglars or bandits or hold-up men came to it five at a time, and stuck up everybody in sight and wanted money and things like that. And the courageous cashier stepped on the burglar alarm and it went off like everything, just as it should in such emergencies.

But unfortunately, this same burglar alarm had something the matter with its inwards, so that it had been going off every day or nearly, and nobody thought twice about it when it tried to tell the world that the bank was being really robbed. And the five bandits got neatly away with $105,000, which is a lot of money.

So much for calamity howlers, prophets of gloom, weepers and wailers, to whom all days and seasons are alike. Some day will come a genuine opportunity for their special talents, and nobody will listen to them.

THE POOR FISH

We had always supposed until recently that a fish was a by-product of the cosmic urge which was singularly lacking in genuine personality. We had thought of fish either as a matter of pinkish fragments crumbling half-heartedly from a salmon can or as something to be taken apart with a fork and scattered on a plate, with a frightful revelation of its internal arrangements and very little nourishment to show for it. We had hardly thought of fish as individuals, having their own joys and sorrows and capable of companionable conduct.

We had not even taken seriously the familiar phrase concerning the poor fish. The fish we had known in their approximately natural state had all been either philosophers or light-hearted optimists who gave no thought to the morrow whatever. The only really gloomy fish we had met was a flounder in the New York Aquarium, which was probably a Republican trying to feel at home. Otherwise fish seemed to be merely one of the minor jests of creation and therefore only distantly — if at all — related to man.

But lately we made the close acquaintance of a smoked haddock which definitely changed our outlook and made fish real and earnest to us. In our desire to contribute something to the family's bill of fare we accepted this haddock trustfully from the fish merchant and took it gently home. As a rule there is keen competition for seats on the smoking car on the 5.23 express, but on this occasion we had no trouble. Before we had gone five miles we had the car and the haddock to ourselves. Ten miles out we heard the conductor talking with the trainman about the need for better ventilation of the railroad's rolling stock. Twelve miles out the air-brakes failed and at fourteen it was tactfully suggested that we walk the rest of the way. But we sat tight and at last reached our destination.

The short walk up the hill in the intimate company of the haddock convinced us that it might be well not to mention our fishy purchase in the bosom of the family. So we left it in the garden, hoping that the neighborhood cats would take it as a personal tribute. Coming forth on the morrow to see what had befallen, we found no trace of the cats and the haddock also was gone. We feared the worst, and peered around through a blue and

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misty haze which might have been November and might have been haddock. We discovered at last that the haddock had escaped from the package and ploughed a furrow across the garden to the blackberry patch, where it had apparently died of its wounds. The poor fish!

This was but the beginning of our researches into the habits and dispositions of fish, which have led us to a sympathetic and relatively intelligent understanding of the finny tribe, whose members are in some mysterious fashion our intimate relations according to the opinion of a number of people who think so. We have discovered, for example, that the United States Senate is at its best when discussing fish, and that the duty on fish has been a matter of Congressional controversy. The president of the Atlantic Coast Fishery Company has stated in so many words that "the duty on fish should be at the level of the difference between the cost of production in the United States and Canada." A full afternoon of the Senate's time was therefore devoted to determining the cost of production of the fish, which might be thought a rather personal matter for the consideration of the fish themselves, but seems to have exactly suited the Senate's special talents.

Two fish in particular have aroused our curiosity and desire for better acquaintance. There is first of all the squatty. We have never met a squatty. We are led to believe that a squatty is a pet name for *squatinidæ*, but we prefer the more affectionate term. There seem to be several kinds of squatties, of which we prefer the wobbegong or wollibong, which is apparently a sort of biplane among fish and is beautifully spotted in cream and pink. We can imagine few things nicer than a pet wobbegong, or wollibong, with which to while away the long winter evenings. We were all ready to take a pair of wobbegongs, or wollibongs, into the bosom of our family when we discovered that they are, unfortunately, from five to eight feet long, which is just too much wobbegong, or wollibong, for our goldfish bowl.

So we have turned regretfully away from squatties and are now interested in guppies. Guppies, we believe, are much smaller than squatties, being only an inch in length. We understand that they are also transparent, which may be, for all we know, very much to their credit. They are affectionate little fish,* fond of children, quiet and well-behaved. A well-matched pair of guppies presents a picture of domestic felicity and mutual esteem which is an inspiration to any household. For steady companionship we are convinced that guppies would be quite preferable to squatties.

Unfortunately we have been unable to obtain any guppies. We have consulted works of reference, naturalists, newspaper reporters and the mail-order houses, but have found no clue to the native haunts of guppies. In the course of our researches we have met many people who have heard of guppies. There are rumors of guppy clubs and guppy associations. We understand that in the very best circles the guppy has practically replaced the traditional goldfish as a sign of good breeding and culture. Society, it seems, has taken up the guppy.

But we have as yet never seen a guppy. This may be, of course, because guppies are transparent or because they are modest in size and disposition. But we don't think so. We are rather of the opinion that so far our path and the path of the guppy have not crossed. We continue, therefore, to take what comfort we can from the company of our goldfish, which is beautiful but dumb, and which definitely lacks a sense of humor. But sometimes we tire of our goldfish and realize that we have outgrown him and must move on to higher and better things, whether wobbegongs or wollibongs, or squatties or guppies. For as the whatnot gave way to the rubber plant and the antimacassar to the bridge table, so goldfish must give way to guppies as the sign of culture and refinement in the home. We wait now only to discover what a guppy is and where in the world you get one.

*Editor's Note.—Mr. Rose, sometimes such a stickler for approximate accuracy, is here mistaken. Guppies are not fish. According to the Editor's most reliable informant, they are viviparous, and given to cannibalism. Next to their own young, their favorite food is a gold fish's tail. Also they come from Australia. Why these facts show they aren't fish we don't know. Nor do we know that these are facts.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

After Reading "Education for Spinsterhood"

By Jane Lee

Just like a man to put the responsibility of non-marriage of college women on the shoulders of women entirely. (I am referring to Henry R. Carey's recent articles in The North American Review.) The longer I live the more I marvel at the ease with which men find the "faults" of women and the difficulty with which they see their own motes. It's time that women turned about-face and began to dissect men: The Stupidity of their Fashions; Their Failure in the Home; Their Lack of Self-Control, etc., *ad infinitum.*

There is an indictment to be made against men's colleges which are turning out money-making machines but not intellectual companions. In the old days a woman sat and listened to men brag and boast, today she knows that most men have very little to boast about; in the past she was interested in little nothings, today she demands far more. And does she get it? All that most men can talk about is dollars and cents and their own particular "line."

The queer thing about men is that they think because a few of them — an infinitesimal number — have done great things, that this greatness applies to all. They are constantly comparing the contributions of the sexes and boasting of their own; while I think it is no exaggeration to say that probably ninety-five per cent of the men of the world since Adam have contributed very little to the world's progress in the line of outstanding achievements.

The time has come to talk a bit more about whether men's colleges are preparing men for marriage and parenthood. It takes two to make a marriage and it ought to take both parents to give a child a well rounded home experience. Too often the father feels no responsibility toward his children other than providing food and raiment, and no responsibility toward his wife but to act as a pocket-book. Gone are the days when a woman had to marry for a "meal ticket." Her demands have gone steadily up — men are not meeting these demands. Rather they would prefer to lessen her demands by stunting her mind.

Not only does the college graduate wish to place marriage on a higher level intellectually but also, many times, she wishes to continue the work for which she is prepared. A man gains far more in marriage than the intellectual woman, who is either expected to give up her work or is forced to meet so many handicaps (purely mechanical) that she feels that marriage with a mentally sterile money-maker is not worth while. The contention that the women presidents of five colleges are unmarried and the two men presidents married, can be accounted for, probably, by the fact that the women would have found it impossible to continue the life leading to the presidency if they had married.

Men can't understand this desire of intellectual women to continue working, because so many of them think of work merely as a means to bread and butter.

The world has changed and is changing; progress cannot be stopped any more than the light from the sun. Some of the transitional periods in this progress are very disturbing and there are many casualties. We are in one of those periods now; readjustments must be made.

It is useless to kick against a stone wall. We need to realize and accept the changes. Why don't men turn their talents toward preparing *men* to fit into these new conditions, and let women, for the first time in the history of civilization, tend to their own affairs. Then perhaps the two, each trying to perfect himself, can create something fair to *both.*

New York City

Arsenic Eaters

By Beverly L. Clarke

There is persistent a legend that somewhere in the world there is a race of people who for generations past have made a practice of eating arsenic as part of their daily diet, and in quantities thousands of times the lethal dose for the ordinary person. Now and then, when public attention has been focused upon some crime in which arsenic has been employed, these rumors have broken out anew. But the location of the supposed race of "arsenic eaters" has been vari-

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ously given as anywhere from the plains of Tibet to the dense African jungle, and this has led the majority of people to ascribe them to the category of pure myth.

The first man to have sufficient curiosity to run these rumors to earth was an American university professor. His efforts furnish definite and conclusive evidence that the curious mediæval practice of arsenic eating is prevalent even today — and not in Africa or Lapland or some other obscure place, but in a province in the post-war Austrian republic not a day's trip from gay and sophisticated Vienna.

Professor Harrar, of Colorado Agricultural College, obtained his information by correspondence with Professor Pregl of the University of Graz, the largest town in the province of Styria, where the peculiar habit is prevalent. In a communication to the American Association for the Advancement of Science Professor Harrar gives the interesting facts in the case.

Although the law is very strict in prohibiting the sale of arsenic, the peasants of Styria have no difficulty whatever in obtaining it. The chief source is from itinerant peddlers who in turn secure their stock of the white powder (arsenic trioxide) from the iron smelters with which the district abounds. The iron ore is high in arsenic, and in the course of the smelting process the light, innocent-looking powder cakes inside certain large pipes. The removal of these encrustations is an exceedingly dangerous task, and it said that only confirmed "arsenic eaters" can perform it with safety.

The poison is sold to the peasants of Styria in the form of cakes having an appearance something like that of cottage cheese. They slice it off and spread it on bread or meat, as one would butter. Quantities as high as three grams — enough to kill a whole town of ordinary people — are known to be regularly taken by some of the "eaters." Whole families from the tiniest child to the aged great-grandparents eat arsenic as regularly as the rest of us eat bread.

An interesting sidelight on this situation in Styria is the practical impossibility of obtaining a conviction in a murder trial. It is natural enough for Styrians of murderous tendencies to employ arsenic; the ease with which it is obtained, and the fact that a tremendous dose will kill even an addict, make it a favorite vehicle of death. In America the finding of arsenic in the body of a murdered person during the post-mortem examination is excellent evidence of poisoning. But it is obvious that in Styria where almost everyone is saturated with the drug such a finding has no significance whatever. Consequently a murderer against whom there is no better evidence than the finding of arsenic in the stomach of his victim doesn't even have to bother about pleading insanity; he is not even indicted.

Unlike the various forms of opium which the "dope fiend" takes in nicely regulated doses, the eating of arsenic has no stimulating effect on the imagination and does not weaken the moral character. It is stated that an "arsenic eater" probably feels no definite and immediate effect of any kind after taking the poison. But the regular and prolonged indulgence in the habit undeniably promotes marked improvement in the general health.

Like most chemical substances which have a deadly action on the human body when taken in sufficient quantity, arsenic has a distinctly beneficial and stimulating effect when administered in minute amounts under the direction of a physician. The effect of such small doses is a decidedly pleasing one: along with a general "toning up" of the entire system the hair takes on velvety gloss, breathing becomes easier, eyes formerly dull and lifeless acquire a brilliant and dazzling quality that is almost unnatural, and the complexion glories in a perfection that is the seldom attained goal of cosmetics and beauty parlors. It is said that actresses of ancient Egypt used to take arsenic to enhance their beauty. This laudable end was undoubtedly achieved, but the frequency of death from accidental overdosage probably led to the disappearance of the habit in that quarter. The extraordinary beauty of the peasant girls of Styria is without question to be attributed to the life-long saturation of their systems with this drug.

In speculating on the origin of the strange custom, it is suggested that some observant peasant may have noticed that horses grazing in the vicinity of one of the iron smelters presented a finer appearance and showed more stamina and endurance than those pasturing elsewhere. Probably he noticed the fine white powder which covered the grass near the smelter and in time connected the two phenomena. It was but a step to obtain the arsenic in bulk from the smelter and to incorporate it in the horses' feed; and once begun the addition could not be stopped without an immediate detrimental effect on the horses' appearance and health. Eventually the peasants became convinced that the strange white powder that had such an effect on horses might be used with success on men.

The one insidious thing about the practice of

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"arsenic eating" is the very serious effect which follows stopping the regular administration of the drug. In this case, states Professor Pregl, "the phenomena take place in the opposite way; horses and also men decline, respiration and heart action become difficult, the appearance fails and the hair becomes shaggy." So the person who has acquired the habit cannot without great risk stop it. Peasants who are known to have been eating arsenic daily in large amounts for ten or fifteen years show no ill effects, but are as much slaves to the habit as the lowest drug fiend is to the morphine or heroin which he takes, since an attempt to break the habit causes an immediate decline in health and possibly death.

The "arsenic eater" begins with very small doses and gradually works up to the surprisingly large quantities which the Styrian peasants daily ingest. Thus he slowly achieves a tolerance for the drug. This is not unique with arsenic but is the common characteristic of the administration of most drugs.

There is another recorded instance in which arsenic played a more tragic rôle than in Styria. Many years ago the attention of all England was attracted to a certain village which seemed to be smitten by an epidemic of some obscure disease. Entire households would die off one by one, stricken by some malady which the local doctors could not diagnose. The victims, after a period of extraordinarily good health, would suddenly be overcome by nausea and cramps and, after a few hours of intense suffering, would die despite all the doctors could do. Although the village seemed in a fair way to be entirely depopulated, astute observers noticed that some few of the cottages had perfect records of no deaths or even illnesses, while in others the malady attacked all of the occupants.

This was the one clue which finally led to the solution of the mystery, but it was not until all of the learned physicians of the Kingdom had failed that an unknown chemist from a neighboring town tackled the problem from his own point of view and finally identified the mysterious disease as arsenic poisoning.

It appears that some enterprising manufacturer had sold in this town a quantity of wall paper in which arsenic colors had been used. This had occurred a number of years before, and most of the cottages — but not all of them — had bought new paper for their walls. Very slowly the paste used to stick the paper to the walls had undergone a fermentation liberating minute amounts of the gas hydrogen. This hydrogen, acting upon the arsenic in the wall paper, produced the highly toxic gas arsine, which is colorless, odorless, and tasteless but which poisons with slow certainty.

This bit of chemical detective work led to the passage in England of laws prohibiting the use of dangerous quantities of arsenic in wall paper, and most other countries, including our own, soon followed with similar regulations designed to protect the public from poisoning in this manner.

Good Indians

By Frank G. Applegate

In reading the article, *The Red Man Dances*, by Helena H. Smith in The North American Review, it seemed to me that the author was a little too eager to be sensational and was trying to belittle the Pueblo Indian and his culture. Also the value of the information contained in the article is questionable.

After living for years in or near Indian pueblos and seeing all the public and *kiva* ceremonies of the Hopi and after talking with other whites who have lived among them, I have yet to hear of or to see any ceremony, ritual or other demonstration that would bring a blush to the cheeks of the most virginal Y. W. C. A. secretary.

Santo Domingo is the most conservative and vigorous of all the pueblos and tolerates least white interference in its affairs. It is significant that its people have increased from a population of one hundred and fifty in the Seventeenth Century to nearly a thousand at the present time, while those pueblos that have accepted the white man as brother and neighbor have lost much of their land and water rights and have dwindled. It was the Santo Domingo Indians who filled up the wells that the Government had sunk in their pueblo. They did this because they have a fine river, the snow-fed Rio Grande, flowing past their doors, while the wells that the Government provided brought up warm water so impregnated with alkali that it would peel the linings from the stomachs of even these hardy people.

The Indians have none too flattering an opinion of our dancing, and are extremely opposed to their youths indulging in it.

The older Indians say that if one wishes to find immoralities among Indians, one must look for it among the youths whose education has been taken charge of by Americans in the Government boarding schools.

Santa Fé, N. M.

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